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# PHILIP COURTENAY;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

AUTHOR OF

"COMPTON AUDLEY," "WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE,"

"PERCY HAMILTON," &c.

"In works of humour, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of oneself may give some diversion to the public."—ADDISON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PHILIP COURTENAY.

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CHAPTER I.

Go, then ; 'tis vain to hover  
Thus round a hope that's dead :  
At length my dream is over ;  
'Twas sweet, 'twas false, 'tis fled !  
Farewell, since nought it moves thee,  
Such truth as mine to see ;  
Some one, who far less loves thee,  
Perhaps more blessed will be.'

MOORE.

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THE city of Quebec is situated on a very lofty point of land, on the north-west side of the

river St. Lawrence. Nearly facing it, on the opposite shore, there is another point. Between the two the river is contracted to the breadth of three-quarters of a mile ; but, after passing through this strait, it expands to the extent of nearly six miles, taking a great sweep behind the promontory whereon Quebec stands.

The city derives its name from the word *Quebeic*, which, in the Algonquin tongue, signifies a sudden contraction of a river. The wide foot of the St. Lawrence immediately before the town is called the basin ; and is sufficiently deep and spacious to float upwards of one hundred sail of the line.

The city itself has a very romantic appearance. An immense projecting rock, with an impregnable citadel ; the bright steeples of the cathedrals and churchés ; the houses, barracks, nunneries, and warehouses, rising gradually one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, and which, being covered with tin to prevent conflagration, so put on that it never

rusts, have the appearance of being covered with silver when the rays of the sun shine on the buildings, and remind one of a scene in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The crowd of shipping is beneath. On the left stands Point Levi, thickly covered with houses, and here and there the wild Indian wigwam. On the right is the fruitful and highly-cultivated Island of Orleans, with its rustic dwellings clothed with lofty trees. Beyond is seen the falls of Montmorency, bursting through a mystic chasm over a ledge of broken rocks, until it comes to the brink of a precipice, down which it descends in one uninterrupted and nearly perpendicular fall of two hundred and forty feet; these, and the mountains in the distance, form a most impressive and grand object.

It was a bright and sunny day when we landed; and although nothing could exceed the kindness or hospitality of the gallant captain of the Rokeby, we were all delighted at

being delivered from the narrow confines of our berths, in which for six weeks we had been "cabined, cribbed, confined," and not a little pleased at once again having our eyes relieved from the wearisome view of sky and water. Those who have made a long sea-voyage will easily enter into our feelings, and imagine the happiness of once again touching *terra firma*.

A brief description of Quebec may not be uninteresting. From Cape Diamond, situated one thousand feet above the level of the river, the scenery surpasses, for beauty, grandeur, and diversity, all that I have ever seen in Canada, or, indeed, in any part of the globe. In the variegated expanse that is laid open before you, stupendous rocks, lofty mountains, immense rivers, trackless forests, tranquil lakes, highly-cultivated lands, rich fields of pasture, fertile valleys, well-stocked orchards, deep-wooded glens, bold promontories, shady lanes, the most luxuriant vegetation, thriving



farms, elegant villas, lowly-thatched cottages, clustered with vines, clematis, jessamine, sweet-scented verbenas, and briar, and surrounded with gardens, in which blue hydrangias, fuchsias, hollyocks, dahlias, rhododendrons, azaleas, and roses, grow in wild profusion. Romantic villages, venerable churches, covered with ivy and moss, hamlets, towns, in turn strike the attention, and the senses are almost bewildered in contemplating the vastness of the scene. Nature is here seen on the grandest scale; and it is scarcely possible for the imagination to picture to itself anything more exquisitely sublime than are the several prospects presented to the sight of the delighted spectator.

It has often been said that the charm of a summer's morning is in the upland and the extensive view, and that those who have never seen the rising sun from a mountain top know not how fair the world is. The place to be chosen for a view of the sunrise, such a

view as Claude loved to pourtray with his magic pencil, is some elevation near the sea coast; and here on Cape Diamond did I take my stand, on the morning after my arrival in Quebec, and from a height of a thousand feet looked down upon the chequered beauty of the land, and the wide expanse of ocean.

By the time that half of the solar disc was above the horizon the sea was of that

‘Dolce color di oriental saffiro,’

in which the boats, with their dark lug sails, as they returned from the deep sea fishing, projected their streaky shadows for miles, although each seemed but a speck. The mist now melted away, and the fields and woods were arrayed in gold. The smoke began to twine upwards from the lowly cottages; the sheep were unfolded; and man began the toil and labour of the day. Those who have beheld the beauties of the rising sun, will feel that the breast which such a sight cannot calm must indeed be a troubled one: I almost

forgot the misery of leaving my fatherland, and all that it ever held dear to me, in the prospect that met my eyes.

Lovely as was the scenery in the environs of Quebec, the city itself could not boast of much attraction, and I soon began to feel the indescribable vacuity and listlessness of a garrison life. However exciting the duty of an aide-de-camp may be on active service, it is far different in the 'piping times of peace,' the principal employment being to act as military groom of the chambers during the morning, write invitations to dinners and balls, ride out with the General, carve at the dinner table, talk "pipeclay" with the martinets of the service, make up a rubber of whist, and flirt with the garrison belles.

Occasionally we were enlivened with horse-racing and private theatricals, in which gentlemen jockeys and amateur actors thought themselves equal to the Buckles and Kembles of the day. A description of these amuse-

ments would not interest the general reader : I shall therefore proceed to say that I witnessed one sight in Canada which no pen can describe, no pencil pourtray—the mighty cataract of Niagara.

I saw it in the bright sunshine of a summer's day. I gazed upon it with awe-struck admiration in the pure light of as brilliant a moon as ever shone in the starry firmament. I stood for hours near the foaming waters, until the scene was so impressed on my mind that it cannot be obliterated 'while memory holds her seat.' Inwardly I exclaimed—

'Vedi Niagara è poi mori !'

To resume—during my stay in Quebec, I became acquainted with one, who, as he will figure in rather a prominent character in these pages, requires an especial notice. The hero in question was the Honourable Charles Plantagenet Coolhurst, commonly called "Charley Coolhurst." He was a scion of a noble house ; but having come into the world a few years

after his elder brother, had nothing but his own wits and handsome person to live upon.

The titles of 'free and easy,' 'London assurance,' and the 'cool of the evening,' were usually appended to his name, for reasons which will be perfectly intelligible to the acute reader, and certainly no one ever deserved them more than did this genuine son of effrontery. His was a character that Charles Mathews alone could hit off on the histrionic stage; although on the drama of real life we could name one or two of his prototypes.

. How Coolhurst managed to live in the style he did was a mystery to the world at large; his dress, equipages, house, were all of the most *recherché* description; he never owed a farthing, always had money in his purse. The interest of the fortune bequeathed to him by his father amounted to four hundred a year, and the produce of his own brain, perhaps, brought him in a hundred more.

To solve this difficult problem, we must



remark that Charley's abilities were so great and attractive that he lived upon the world. He was no vulgar sponge, no modern Jeremy Diddler, satisfied with any sort of dinner, or content with borrowing a few shillings. He flew at higher game, as the sequel of his chequered history will prove.

To conciliate man and woman-kind was Coolhurst's first object; and this he effected in a variety of ways. His primary movement was to make himself acquainted with all the news and topics of the day; he got at all that was going on before and behind the curtain of the universal theatre, by which means he was ever ready to take a prominent part when called upon, even at the shortest notice.

He could amuse the old Dowager with scandal against some rival *chaperon*; he could flatter the leader of *ton* by tirades against those who did not yield obedience to her allegiance; he could gratify the proud aristocrat with courtly anecdotes; he could delight the



prolix country gentleman by listening to his 'poor-rate' conversation ; he could cajole the parliamentary man by quoting passages from his last 'inaudible in the gallery' speech ; he could please the *belle* of the season by enumerating the list of her conquests ; he could keep the faded beauty, the antiquated miss, the unpartnered dames, and the 'wall-flowers' of many years' standing, in perfect good humour, by his adroit compliments.

He was equally popular with the young men of the day, in discoursing about Melton, or entering into the merits or demerits of a Derby favourite. He could ingratiate himself with the sedate, by his temperate remarks and judicious opinions ; he could win the light-hearted by his never-failing flow of spirits.

With all classes Coolhurst was most popular ; not alone from the varied powers of conversation which he possessed, but for the tact with which he brought them forward. There was another cause which operated much in

his favour—he was an excellent listener. He could attend, and apparently with the deepest interest, to the fashionable twaddle of some antiquated dowager; he could listen to the long-winded harangues upon poor-laws and turnpike-trusts of the prosy country gentleman; he could take part in a disquisition upon logarithms; he would hearken to a treatise upon the irrigation of land; he would lend his patient ear to an harangue against the national debt, or the hair-breath escape of a fox-hunting squire; he would undergo the infliction of being ‘button-held,’ while an elderly beau told of the conquests of his early days; he would show no signs of impatience if a young Oxonian described the life at that celebrated seat of learning; he would not turn a deaf ear to all the little tattle and medical cases of the village apothecary, or to the lamentations of some stiff-laced, antiquated dame upon the altered manners, the fast answers and short petticoats of the rising gene-

ration ; and he was never known to yawn but upon one occasion, when a disappointed *bas bleu* read him a tragedy of five acts, with a prologue and epilogue to boot.

Nay, so great were his powers of endurance, that he would sit for hours listening to the most prosy, prolix, and tedious details, only interrupting the delighted narrator with sundry ejaculations, “really!” “wonderful!” “how extraordinary!” “most graphic!” “what a memory!”

In addition to the above merits, Coolhurst had obtained the character of being the best-natured, liberal fellow in the world ; and this he had got at a small cost to himself. It was true, he was always doing obliging acts ; his great connection placed many advantages in his way ; he received large presents of venison and game—a great boon in those days, when gentlemen did not act as ‘licensed victuallers ;’ he had, also, stores of orders to see Carlton House, St. James’s Palace, Windsor Castle,

the Regent's Cottage at Virginia Water, Sion, Osterley, Oatlands, Belvedere, Gunnersbury, Wanstead, and other houses, then beyond the reach of the million.

He was ever on the look out for admissions to panoramas, picture-galleries, theatres, operas, and concerts ; and, with this foundation of food for the body and mind, he was never at a loss to find those, who, in return for his costly offerings, would repay him with dinners and invitations to country houses.

Upon one occasion, the 'Cool of the evening' passed a week at a *villegiatura* in Norfolk, without any bidding from the host and hostess ; and being asked how he accomplished it, Charley replied—"Oh, I knew the Elstrees were not on speaking terms ; and as I was slightly acquainted with both, I felt assured that if I went, each would think the other had invited me ; besides, had I been discovered, I should have 'sported a face,' and stood my Lord out that he had asked me when he was

slightly elated with wine, or my lady when she was intoxicated with joy at my introducing her as the most *spirituelle* lady in England, to the De Staël."

Charley was an early riser, and always took 'time by the forelock;' he usually commenced his 'cruise for a cutlet' before others were thinking of a breakfast; and armed with gifts, small-talk, scandal, and news, he would surprise the sleepy porter, yawning footman, or jaded valet, by knocking them up before ten o'clock.

"Tell your master I've a word to say to him. I'll walk into the library. Bring me the newspaper," would this "cool hand" say, as, despite of all remonstrances, he ushered himself into the morning room. Occasionally he would follow the servant up-stairs, and on his name being announced, before an answer could be given, would exclaim—

"It's only me, old fellow: I've some information that will astound you,"



Once inside the door, Charley made it a boast that he never returned without gaining some point, a breakfast or a dinner. If he was put to his wits' end, and had not fallen in with a prize during the day, he would boldly drive up to the house where any of his friends happened to be dining, and sending up a message, requested to see the person he had selected to carry out his *ruse*.

In nineteen cases out of twenty, some little commotion was created, and the chances were very much in favour of its being noticed by the host.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" would the Amphitryon ask.

"Oh, nothing; Charley Coolhurst wishes to see me on business for a minute or two."

"Pray ask him into the library; and if he happens to be disengaged, say how happy I shall be, if he will excuse the shortness of the notice, and join us."

As a matter of course, the "Cool of the



evening" was disengaged, although he declared that Sir Thomas Longlete was expecting him at White's; and after much coquetting, Coolhurst made his appearance, and, by his attentive listening, and brilliant conversation, completely earned the dinner his ingenuity had obtained for him.

Our hero did everything methodically; he had a system peculiar to himself about leaving cards. "You must sow them like mustard-and-cress, at different periods," would he say, "so that instead of of bringing forth a crop of dinners all at once, you may have a succession." Knightsbridge Barracks, the Tower, Bank, and Horseguards, and the officers' "mess room" at St. James's, were always "sure finds," when Coolhurst was "pot-hunting."

Knowing the industrious habits of my new acquaintance, I should not have been surprised at any manœuvre that he had practised successfully in his native land; but to find him located in Quebec, after a transatlantic passage

scot free, did astound me; and it was not for some time that I became aware of the skill he had evinced on this trying occasion.

The "Dauntless" frigate, had recently been commissioned, and Coolhurst having ascertained that the Honourable Arthur Lonsdale was about to be appointed to her, lost no time in calling upon him at the Albany.

"Is Captain Lonsdale up?" he enquired; "if not, give him this card when you go to him, and say I will return in a quarter of an hour. Tell him I've just come from the Admiralty; he'll understand."

"My bell has just rung, sir," responded the valet; "pray walk into the dining-room, I'm sure my master will be happy to see you at breakfast; it will be ready at ten."

"I half promised yesterday, to breakfast with him, and will, if possible, get back in time," rejoined the schemer, who finding he had run his fox to earth, did not want to appear too anxious to dig him out. Charley

never threw a chance away ; he knew that the magic word, Admiralty, would produce a wonderful effect on the young sailor's mind, and that he would whet his friend's impatience by a temporary absence. Five minutes before the appointed hour, Coolhurst was ushered into the snug dining-room, on the ground floor of that paradise of bachelors, the Albany, where he found Lonsdale anxiously expecting him.

“ Well, old fellow, I congratulate you ! the Dauntless is to be commissioned next week, at Portsmouth, and you are appointed to her—I happen to know it from the highest authority.”

The captain, although somewhat sceptical, was most grateful for the information.

“ All I know is, I wish I was as sure of a passage to Quebec—that's your destination — as you are.”

“ Well, if I do get the frigate, I hope you will take the first cruise in her,” replied the captain.

“ Oh, its only a joke,” said Charley, “ I

could not manage to give up Ascot races ; I'm invited to the barracks, and the equerries' table at the Castle, during the week."

The breakfast was now discussed, as was also the trip to Canada; and before the termination of the former, Coolhurst who was anxious to see the "Falls" (at that time a sight almost unknown to Britishers), had concluded a treaty with Lonsdale, for a free journey to Portsmouth, and passage to Quebec. During "Charley's stay at Quebec, where he had made himself quite at home at the Governor-General's, and at the messes of all the regiments, he had picked up a *flat*, who had volunteered to "frank" him to Niagara, and, however unwilling I may be to admit the fact, I must plead guilty to the charge, having in an unguarded moment offered to take him to the far-famed Falls free of expense. Victimised as I felt myself, I found some little set-off in the amusement he afforded me, by recounting his youthful life, and which I gladly lay before my readers.

At an early age Coolhurst had been sent to Westminster, where he had undergone that wholesome discipline which all "cool hands" are subject to at that celebrated school; he had been "licked" by a sixth-form boy, for asking him to seek a lost ball at cricket; he had received summary chastisement for taking possession of a half-decker at Roberts's, which had been ordered for the Captain of the Collegers; his cheeks had smarted with a "buck horse" (*Anglicé* a slap of the face), for having borrowed his master's bat and ball without leave; and he had met with a good caning for declining to do the menial drudgery of a fag.

With the tutors he had not been more successful; his unblushing effrontery, his perfect indifference, his ready assurance, had laid him open to sundry punishments; and he was scarcely, if ever, exempt from imposition duties; yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, Charley Coolhurst was popular, both with his companions and the "higher authori-



ties." His good temper and quickness covered a multitude of faults.

With regard to study, Coolhurst felt with Cowley, "How deplorable it is to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools; employing, or rather, casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that very imperfectly." Unquestionably it is much to be lamented that the plan of instruction carried on in all public academies, is wholly inadequate to the intellectual wants of the age; for it is utterly impossible to combine a competent acquisition of useful knowledge, with that round of antiquated studies which a pursuit of scholastic honours requires; and therefore, as another authority, Gibbon, remarks, "A finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton, in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen, in the latter end of the eighteenth century." Coolhurst was so impressed with the truth of the above remarks, that he deter-



mined to profit by them ; and instead of confining himself to the plodding study of the ancient Latin poets, he devoted himself to the works of the modern *Greeks*. If he looked into Homer, it was to dwell upon the animated descriptions the poet gives of the games instituted by Achilles, upon the death of his friend, Patroclus. To other classics would he refer for the chase. “The amusement of the Roman youth,” writes Pliny, “was the chase—courage made them hunters, and ambition heroes.” Julius Cæsar praises the people of the north, “as being expert, both in hunting and war.”

In short, the encomiums that have been bestowed upon the ‘noble science,’ by Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Appian, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Pliny the younger, and Grotius, clearly demonstrate how highly the chase was regarded in those days ; and their graphic description soon found their way to the young student’s imagination. In an old copy-book of Coolhurst’s, I found the following comment :—

‘Homer is perpetually alluding to, and deriving similes from, the different modes of hunting. Cicero, speaking of intrepidity, thus writes: — “But those persons who wish to become illustrious in hunting and riding, regard neither danger nor inconvenience.” Pliny thus panegyricizes the hound:—“In hunting, his dexterity and sagacity are pre-eminent: he diligently seeks out the track and pursues the chase, drawing on the accompanying huntsmen to his prey; which as soon as he perceives, how silent he is, how still, how significant in his discovery! “Horace thus alludes to the chase:—

‘Romanis solemne viris opus, utile fama,  
Vitæque et membris.’

And Virgil shows how necessary it was in his days “to teach the young idea to *shoot* and hunt.”—

‘————Natos ad flumina primum  
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis;  
Venatu invigilant pueri, sylvasque fatigant;  
Flectere ludus equos, et spicula tendere cornu.’

Dryden, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser—all eulogize the chase, besides a host of more modern poets, of whom Somerville must ever bear the palm.

Enough has been said for the present to give the reader some insight into the character of the man who, despite of myself, was never out of my society. It was in vain to give the intruder a hint, or even more than a hint. So long as he could get a dinner from me, ride my horses, drive my buggy, or borrow my sledge, so long was Coolhurst sure to be a constant hanger-on.

In the outset I pledged myself that this was to be no love tale; and yet, in justice to my own consistency and constancy, I must declare that the thoughts of Ellen filled my mind. I raved of her beauty and talent to those who would listen to my impassioned discourse. I wrote sonnets to her eyebrows, which were published in the local papers, and forwarded to England and committed as many acts of

folly as a love-stricken youth of eighteen is generally guilty of, when suffering under so severe an attack of *heart* complaint.

I had occasionally heard from Mr. Ramsay, who never alluded to his daughter further than to convey her kind regards and best wishes to her old playmate. Days, weeks, months, had passed away; autumn had nearly run its course; the last ships were anxiously expected before the frost set in; a few heavy falls of snow had covered the earth with its mantle of purest white; winter amusements had commenced, and I was urged by my comrades to take a prominent part in the sledge meetings and private theatricals. A weight of care still hung over my spirits, and for some time I declined participating in the gaieties of the season.

At length I consented, having previously determined to make a struggle to relieve my mind, even if I ascertained the worst, and was about to address a letter to the object of my

first love, when an event occurred which rendered such a step unnecessary. The arrival of the mail was always looked forward to with the greatest interest, and while in the act of commencing my epistle to the absent fair, the bag was brought in.

“Serjeant Boldero,” I exclaimed to the orderly, “do not admit any one while I am sorting the letters.”

“Your orders shall be attended to,” responded the well-disciplined soldier.

I proceeded to my task, and the reader need scarcely be informed that after selecting the General’s letters, and delivering them to him, I eagerly sought for a few lines from Ellen. Occasionally a hand-writing struck me to be like hers ; but upon more minute inspection, I found I was doomed to be disappointed. Thinking it possible that amidst the vast pile of correspondence and newspapers I might have overlooked the precious document, I was about to make a further search, when the



voice of Charles Coolhurst attracted my attention.

“I must see Mr. Courtenay,” said the man of effrontery.

“The Lieutenant is particularly engaged,” replied the non-commissioned officer, “and will probably not be free for the next half-hour.”

As two or three packets had come under cover to the Aid-de-camp in waiting, for this worthy member of the assurance society, I thought to get rid of him by at once ordering the Serjeant to give him the letter, which, with unblushing impudence, he had desired to be sent in the General’s bag. But Charley had another object in view, which was to receive an invitation for an early dinner before, and a supper after the private play, in which I was for the first time to make my appearance.

“Only one word, Courtenay,” said Coolhurst, as he followed the orderly into the room — “who do you think has just arrived? Knowles of the 70th; he leaves for Kingston



the day after to-morrow. He tells me he met you once at dinner, at Colonel Warburton's, somewhere near Coventry, I think."

"Does he wish to see the General," I anxiously inquired.

"He has gone to the barracks to see his cousin," continued my visitor; "but you are busy, I'll call again in an hour or two. By the way, you'll have an overflowing house to-night. The 'Ocean' transport, in which Knowles came, brings detachments for the artillery and engineers. I think the officers' mess consisted of fifteen. *Au revoir!*"

Charley knew my weak point, and finding the effect his remark had produced, thought to carry on the advantage by absenting himself, so as to raise my curiosity upon what he knew to be the all-absorbing topic in my mind.

"Don't hurry away," I said. "I can go on with my work. Pray, has Captain Knowles seen Colonel Warburton lately?"

"He was with him until the day before he

left England," responded my tormentor. "But he'll be expecting me to lionize him over the town. I shall meet you later."

"If you'll wait five minutes," I continued, "I will drive you to the barracks; and if you happen to be disengaged to day, and like to take an early dinner with Jephson and myself at the Union Hotel, I shall be delighted to see you."

"Why, I was engaged to Hamilton of the 60th," responded Coolhurst; "but he has just received intelligence of his father's death, so I will gladly avail myself of your invitation; and now, while you are sorting your despatches, I will read my letters."

"The 'cool of the evening' had only obtained half his object, and was desirous of accomplishing the whole before he communicated a piece of news which he knew would quite upset me. With consummate tact he proceeded to touch upon the play, and shortly succeeded in getting an invitation for himself

and Captain Knowles to supper after it ; knowing that by so doing, he would have a claim upon his friend for a dinner the following day.

My sledge was announced, and I was about to prepare myself for the drive, when Coolhurst, in a distracted manner, gave me an open letter, exclaiming—

“ I fear it will be a great blow to you ! ”

“ My father and mother not ill ? ” I tremblingly asked.

“ No ! they are quite well. But Miss Ramsay is —— ”

“ What ? ” I wildly inquired.

“ Married ! ”

My brain went round. I felt giddy ; and for some time remained in a state of stupefaction. In the meantime, Coolhurst, who had a kind heart, did his best to console me.

“ I will see Captain Knowles myself ! ” I exclaimed, starting up ; “ Ellen cannot have been so faithless.”

Hastily enveloping myself in a fur cloak, and followed by Coolhurst, we got into the sledge, and started off at a pace that astonished not a little my companion, the sentry, and my steed—that steed already alluded to, bearing the name of the false fair one.

As we approached the barracks, the object of my search was coming out of it. To descend and join him was the work of an instant. Captain Knowles, who had been previously enlightened by Coolhurst as to the state of my feeling, met me in the kindest manner, and with the greatest sympathy confirmed what I had previously heard.—Ellen Ramsay had become the wife of a clergyman.

“The Reverend Evan Mostyn,” said my informant, “is the son of her father’s earliest friend. He has lately returned from the West Indies, where he went out as a missionary.”

I uttered a deep-drawn sigh. Knowles resumed—

“It seems that old Mr. Mostyn, on his death-bed, extracted a promise from Mr. Ramsay to do the best in his power to bring about the union. For some time, the daughter did not feel at all disposed to follow her father’s wishes; but the entreaties of both parents, and the generous conduct of her lover” (I shuddered at the word), “at length prevailed, and two days before I left Coventry, the ceremony was to take place at the old parish church.”

Almost distracted by an over-excited brain, I felt how impossible it would be for me to appear on the mimic stage, to give utterance to the feeble words of another, while in the real drama of life the strongest passions were raging in my breast. I therefore at once decided upon pleading indisposition, and urged Coolhurst to convey my apologies to the manager of our private theatricals. With admirable tact, both my companions pointed out the disappointment that would arise, if, at so late an hour, I gave



up the parts allotted to me ; and, working upon my better nature, gained my reluctant consent to make the attempt.

Captain Knowles, who was anxious to see the plains of Abraham, and the Indian village of Loretto, wisely thought that any change of scene would divert my ideas ; he therefore proposed that I should drive him to those celebrated spots, and Coolhurst volunteering to take the groom's seat behind, we started for the field of Wolfe's victory and death.

It was a lovely day. The sun shone forth in its meridian splendour ; a few large clouds, whose colour seemed brightened by the light reflected from the pure snow that covered the ground, floated in a sky of azure blue. The surface of the river was calm and unruffled ; the tangled forests, albeit stripped of the leafy honours of their deciduous trees, still gloried in the deep verdant foliage of the hardy ever-green ; while the giant arms of some stately fir, the overhanging branches of the waving



cedar, the bitter leaves of the nodding cypress, the luxuriant shoots of the variegated holly, were studded with silver frost-work, shining like stars in their dark setting, and reminding one of the glittering groves of Aladdin's fairy garden.

Exhilarated by the bracing air and beauty of the scenery, interested by many a detail of 'home,' and those dear to me, and roused by the railleries of Coolhurst upon the folly of sighing my heart away for a simple country girl, can it be wondered that I in some degree recovered my self-possession? Wounded pride came to my rescue, and, exclaiming with the Moor, "All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven: 'tis gone!" I (to my shame be it spoken) gave way to 'tyrannous hate,' and thoughts of 'wild revenge.'

As I had engaged Captain Knowles, Coolhurst, and another friend, to dinner, I could not avoid the party; so at four o'clock we sat down to a very comfortable repast at the

‘Union,’ and at a few minutes before the rising of the curtain, I found myself in the green-room of the theatre, in very exuberant spirits.

Many of my friends had anticipated a failure on my part, in this, my first dramatic attempt on the public boards ; for money (it being for a charitable purpose) was taken at the doors. Great then was their surprise at finding me impassioned to a degree they could scarcely bring themselves to believe ; and when, in one or two of the speeches incidental to the character, I had to denounce the fair portion of the creation for their inconstancy, plaudits loud and deep echoed through the house at the fire I threw into my anathemas. Those who congratulated me on my success, were little aware of the cause that made me give so striking a delineation of a jealous, disappointed lover.

## CHAPTER II.

‘ Here may I roam at large ; my business is  
Roaming at large, to observe.’

WORDSWORTH.

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It was upon a lovely summer day that a party of right merrie youths, of which I formed one, left Quebec, upon a sporting excursion to Niagara, Lake Huron, and the North-West Company's establishment at Chepewyan. Deviating from the usual road, that we might enjoy a day's salmon-fishing, we reached Jacques Cartier bridge, about seven miles above the ferry. Here the river falls wildly down, betwixt its wooded shores, and after

forming several cascades, foams through a narrow channel, which seems cut out of the solid rock to receive it.

The rock that constitutes its bed, is formed into regular platforms, descending by natural steps to the edge of the torrent. The Jacques Cartier is famous for its salmon, which are caught of large size, and in great abundance. Certainly we had no cause for complaint, for we had a splendid day's fishing, killing (three rods) fourteen salmon, averaging fifteen pounds each.

There is an excellent inn at the foot of the bridge. 'Mine host' was not only an expert disciple of old Izaak, but was a most judicious promoter of gastronomy ; and what old Brideau most prided himself for, was, his kettle of fish, as he termed it—a large iron cauldron, filled with water, thickened with salt, in which the fish was immersed the moment it was killed—the boiling apparatus having been brought to the side of the river.

After quitting this neighbourhood, the scenery of the St. Lawrence becomes flat and uninteresting. The country, however, the entire way from Quebec to Montreal, is studded with farm-houses, whitewashed from top to bottom, attached to which are log-barns and stables, with commodious and neat plots of garden-ground. The meadows were profusely decorated with orange lilies, and the banks and dingles with the crimson berries of the sumac, and a variety of flowering shrubs. So intense is the heat of the summer, that Indian corn, water-melons, gourds, and capsicums are raised in abundance, and are to be seen growing wild at every step.

Our servants and baggage joined us after our fishing expedition; the former were sent back to Quebec, the latter we took with us on board the steamer. It included two small tents, some camp-equipage, buffalo-skins—which we used as bedding—a store of dried provisions, including potted meats of every

description—some jars of turtle, kegs of brandy, gin, whiskey, and rum ; pipes, cigars, rifles, guns, powder, bullets, shot, books, with some ornaments of beads, steel buttons, ribbons, tinfoil, and gold lace, as presents to the Indians ; and, with this cargo, we left by the mail steamer.

Nothing worth recording occurred during our passage to Montreal. We landed for a few minutes at William Henry—or Sorel, as the natives call it—a fortified station on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, distant about a hundred and twenty miles from Quebec. We reached Montreal, where we remained two days, enjoying the hospitalities of one of the ‘ crack ’ regiments quartered there, and then left for La Chine, where our *bateau* awaited us. This village is most romantic ; and, from the number of Canadian boatmen, or *voyageurs*, that land and embark there, is full of life and bustle.

These *voyageurs* may be said to have sprung



from the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions, through the labyrinths of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. Their dress is generally half-civilized, half-savage. They wear a loose cape made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, leather leggings, or cloth trousers, deer skin mocassins, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of a mongrel description, being a mixture of Gallic, embroidered with English words and phrases.

They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of song and anecdote, and ever ready for the dance. Never are they so happy as when on a voyage, toiling up rivers against the rapids, or coasting lakes, encamping at night on the borders, and gossiping round their bivouac in the open air.

Nothing can be more delightful — more

soothing to the spirits—than to glide across the bosom of a lake on a bright sunny morning, the oars keeping time to some quaint old ditty, or French romance ; or, sweeping in full chorus, on some still summer evening, down the transparent current of a Canadian river.

Each *bateau* carries eight or ten men, and ‘a luggage,’ consisting of sixty packages of goods, about six hundredweight of biscuit, two hundredweight of pork, and three bushels of peas, for the men’s provisions ; two tarpaulins to cover the freight, which serve as tents on landing ; a sail, and an axe ; a towing line, camp-kettles, together with a quantity of gum, bark, and ‘watapa,’ to repair the boats.

An European, on seeing these slender vessels thus laden, and not more than six inches out of the water, would imagine it almost impossible that they should perform a long and perilous voyage ; but the Canadians are so ex-

pert in the management of them, that accidents rarely happen.

On the opposite side of the river, at La Chine, is an Indian settlement, belonging to the Lachenonaga tribe—a race sadly degenerated, through their intercourse with the white population. Here we passed our days in the hopes of finding an interpreter, who would be induced, for a proper consideration, to accompany our expedition; but we found so much extortion and drunkenness among the natives, that we declined the numerous offers that were made us the moment the object of our mission had been promulgated in the small colony.

At sunrise the following morning we set out on our voyage, our crew consisting of ‘four oars’ and a steersman to each boat. The passage for many weary miles was extremely tedious; for so strong was the current in many places, that our boatmen could no longer make any way against it, and were compelled to shift their oars, and pole the boats along, keeping as close to the banks as possible.

So violent was the exertion, that the men were obliged very frequently to cease from their labours. Each of these resting-places is denominated *une pipe* by the French Canadians, of whom our crew was composed; they being allowed to stop and fill their pipes. With equal propriety might these rests be called *une verre d'eau-de-vie*; for they never failed upon these occasions to 'moisten their clay' with a glass of brandy. In short, what with the tobacco and spirits, the men—as was remarked by one of our party—soon became *bacchy plenus*. A pipe and three-quarters of an English mile were synonymous.

For the first two days, although we often landed with our guns, we succeeded in killing nothing, except time. On the second morning, crossing the Utawas river, we gained the mouth of the south-west branch of the St. Lawrence—and a splendid scene presented itself. Each river comes dashing down into the lake over immense rocks, with an impe-

tuosity which, seemingly, nothing can resist. Huge branches and roots of trees, and broken rafts are hurled down into the rapids ; and woe betide the frail bark that comes in contact with them !

Frequent accidents have occurred, owing to want of skill or negligence. We now entered the rapids of Les Cascades and Le Saut de Buisson ; and hearing that the neighbouring woods were full of wild pigeons, quitted our boats, and divided ourselves into two parties. Our rendezvous, arranged for six o'clock, was to be at the village of the Hill of the Cedars, where, whoever arrived first, was to prepare dinner and beds. We were each to do our best to fill our game-bags, as we had agreed not to open our store of provisions until we had reached the upper wilds.

The party I happened to be with was most successful—having bagged a large quantity of wild pigeons, which resemble very much the English wood-pigeon. The other detachment,



however, proved themselves the better ‘caterers ;’ for great was our surprise, upon landing at the spot of our rendezvous, to find such a display of game as would have gratified the heart of any sportsman—two splendid deer, some beautiful trout, a couple of tarrapins, or land-tortoises, besides a bag full of pigeons. We strongly suspected, as it afterwards proved to be the case, that *silver* shot and hooks had been used ; our detached comrades had fallen in with some Indians, from whom they had obtained their venison and fish. These delicacies, however, were not the less acceptable upon that account.

As the other party had only landed a quarter of an hour before us, no arrangement for dinner had been made ; we therefore lost no time in pitching our tents, lighting our fires, and preparing our repast. Fortunately, in the latter we received the assistance of a Scotch woman, a settler, who ‘lent a hand,’ and took charge of the tarrapin ‘brose.’ A Canadian



woman offered her services in dressing some stewed cucumbers with cream—a favourite dish in those parts—whilst we all put our shoulders to the wheel, or rather fire ; and boiled, fried, roasted, and stewed fish, flesh, and fowl, in every possible way.

There is an old saying, that appetite is the best sauce ; and so it proved upon this occasion ; for I never recollect seeing a repast more enjoyed than the one I have described. After the cloth was removed, we made a huge bowl of whiskey-punch, and passed a most agreeable evening. The jest, the catch, and glee went round, and it was not until a late hour that we separated.

The following morning was lovely ; and at daybreak we were aroused by one of our party, who always gave the *reveillee* on the bugle as soon as he awoke. To bathe in the clear stream, and to take a hearty meal, occupied about an hour, when we again embarked in the boats. We were this day to enter the great

lake of St. François, which is five-and-twenty miles in length ; and, the wind being propitious, our boatmen gave us a grand morning concert—singing some of the Canadian melodies most exquisitely—marking the time with each stroke of the oar.

Before we had proceeded half-way, our attention was attracted to a party of pleasure, who were evidently making for the same point that we were. It was a calm, stilly evening, with scarcely a cloud in the sky, or a ripple on the water. One of the party accompanied herself and a fair companion upon the guitar ; the air was familiar to us—one of Moore's beautiful duets. The music, chiming in with the oars, grew fainter and fainter, and produced a most thrilling effect.

We listened with the deepest attention to the 'linked sweetness long drawn out ;' and were enchanted at finding, on our landing, three young and handsome girls leaning on the arms of two middle-aged gentlemen ; one of

whom, from his sun-burnt cheek and care-worn countenance, looked as if he had done 'the state some service.' And so it proved to be—for the individual was no other than Commodore B——, one of the brightest ornaments and most gallant spirits of the United States navy.

At that time we fancied (erroneously, as it afterwards proved) that a feeling of enmity existed between the two countries ; and we concluded that one of the heroes of the American war would look down with contempt upon a party of beardless subalterns of the British army ; for be it known that one of my companions and myself had provided ourselves with knapsacks, containing, among other good things, cigars and spirits, and upon which were somewhat ostentatiously painted our names, rank, and regiments.

Anxious to be introduced to our unknown syrens, we were, upon the discovery of their chaperon's name, regularly 'gobrowed'—(we

use an Affghan word)—the English of which, vulgarly translated, is ‘flabbergasted.’ Great then, indeed, was our delight, when the hearty commodore, who had espied our names, approached us, and, touching his hat (a wonderful condescension, we then thought, for a Republican), politely addressed us as follows:—

“Gentlemen, we are about to visit the celebrated spring in the neighbourhood: will you do us the pleasure of joining our party?”

Need I say that we gladly availed ourselves of the commodore’s courtesy; and in less than a minute, I acting as master of the ceremonies, introduced myself and friends, who were in due time presented to the fair ladies, their uncle, and the far-famed commodore. We then proceeded on our expedition, where we qualified the water of the spring, which bubbled near us, with some real ‘Glenlivat,’ neat as imported, and drank to the health of our new allies.

For an hour after our return, we strolled on

the margin of the river, when our boatmen informed us that our meal was spread under the shade of a wide-spreading tree. I thought of poor Miss Woolff, of Coventry notoriety, and the lines of her “pupular” ballad—

‘ By the side of yon sumac, whose red berry dips  
     In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline !  
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,  
     Which had never been sighed on by others but  
         mine !’

And enjoyed a most intellectual and rural repast in the company of our new acquaintances. “Prosperity to America and England,” “The Daughters of Columbia,” were proposed and drunk with due honours. It was near midnight before we took our departure, having previously arranged a rendezvous with the Commodore and his party to make further arrangements for visiting Niagara together.

On the following morning, we passed the boundary-line, that, in former times, divided the upper and lower provinces, and landed at



L'Isle aux Raisins—so called, from the number of wild vines growing upon it. Our boatmen gathered quantities of the produce, which they devoured with all the gusto of school-urchins. We, however, not being possessed of case-hardened stomachs, declined the grapes, which were literally, and not figuratively, sour.

Beyond this island, there are several others, belonging to the Indians ; but, as the weather was fine, and we were anxious to proceed on our excursion, we did not remain to pay them a visit. Passing numerous rapids, we entered the Oswegatchee river, where we found a large native tribe ; and here we engaged the services of two dark-visaged 'helps' to accompany us on our expedition, and who, on the following morning, visited our tents, dressed out in their wild costume.

The elder of the two, who gloried in the highly euphonious-sounding name of Tee-tee-squas (*Anglicè*, the green sandpiper), and who was to act as our interpreter, was a powerful

man, of about five-and-thirty years of age ; while his companion was a youth of eighteen, as active as a cat, and a gallant sportsman, to boot. He was commonly called Skee Moose, which means, the boy. In addition to this, he had an outlandish name, which would split a good pen to put to paper, but which, in English, meant the Flying Squirrel, and which we soon anglicised into ' Skug.'

From their long association with the white men, the habits of our Indians were a mixture of the savage and civilised states. Their costume consisted of deer-skin mocassins, ornamented with porcupine-quills, and beads of every colour, edged with tin tags, filled with crimson hair ; above the mocassins, leggings of blue or scarlet cloth, trimmed with gaudy ornaments, and a small cloth apron, fastened round the waist by a girdle, from which hung their scalping-knife, tomahawk, pipe, and tobacco-pouch. Their bodies were daubed with red and black, giving one a very

good idea of a perambulating rouge-et-noir table.

No sooner had our new allies arrived, than we ordered our boats to meet us at the seventh 'pipe;' and, armed and accoutred for the chase, we penetrated into the woods. A few wild pigeons were the only birds we met with, of which we bagged a considerable number. As we passed a large hollow tree, Skug gave a shout of delight; and, addressing his companion in his native tongue, begged he would inform us in English, that we should have some sport at this old trunk: he added, that the usual way was to fell the tree; but, as that would be a work of time and labour, he had a plan to propose, which would answer every end.

Skug now placed us round the tree, and, striking a light, applied it to some brushwood that his companion had collected together; then, mounting the tree, with a flaming brand in one hand, and a store of dry leaves in his

apron, he deposited them in the hollow part of it, near the top, while Tee-tee-squas threw the burning embers into the lower part, feeding them with fresh grass and damp sticks.

The heat, the noise, the crackling of the leaves, the hissing of the wet wood, and the smoke created such a sensation amongst the tribe of black squirrels that had congregated together, that no sooner did they ascertain the 'warm' reception their ungrateful namesake had provided for them, than they scampered away, giving us a most splendid *battue*.

Again, in the course of the day, did we try this novel mode of ejection, this newly-invented 'notice to quit' system, and found that it answered admirably.

It was near sunset before we reached our boats, and were delighted to find an excellent repast provided for us by our crew, upon our joining them, consisting of venison-soup, fresh trout, dried salmon, and grilled wood-pigeons. To these we added some cranberries, which

Skug had filled his bag with in the morning, and which, steeped in brandy, made a very nice dessert.

So delighted were we with our guides, that we landed upon every occasion, meeting our boats at sunset; and it was not until the tenth day that we reached the Lake of a Thousand Isles. Here our interpreter informed us, that in the neighbourhood were several hunting encampments, and that bears were most plentiful. During particular periods these grizzly animals come down from the northern regions, and this was fortunately an ursine year.

In order to ingratiate ourselves with a party of these hunters, we gave them a grand breakfast, or cold collation, where fingers—not forks—were used by our distinguished guests!; and having primed them with some excellent brandy, and loaded them with trifling presents, we, in return, primed and loaded our fowling-pieces and rifles, and proceeded to our shooting ground.



Our first step was to land our new Indian auxiliaries, who were to act as 'beaters,' upon an island where some bears had been tracked the night before ; while our own two faithful attendants, Tee-tee-squas and Skug, were to remain with us, to paddle us about in canoes, from whence we were to get our shots. Again the incendiary system was resorted to, the Indians setting fire to the long grass and underwood. The rugged animals having no alternative left them, but that of going through fire and water to save their lives, took to the latter, where another most severe specimen of the former awaited them, in the shape of five unerring rifles.

We had excellent sport ; and, in the course of the day, bagged bears enough to have furnished grease to the fashionable emporiums of Messrs. Truefitt, Skelton, Dimond, Holmes, Willis, or other equally great artists, who, according to the late Charles Matthews' story, can convert a deal box into a *hair* trunk, by

a few applications of their mirific balsam or unrivalled oleous preparations. After rewarding our beaters with some beads and buttons, and furnishing each with a ration of spirits, we proceeded on our excursion, reaching Kingston, or Ladaragui, as the Indians call it, late at night.

Kingston is a place of considerable trade; and the bay affords excellent anchorage, being the safest and most commodious harbour on Lake Ontario. We had a succession of picnics private theatricals, races, balls, and dinners, and enjoyed, with one exception, the most agreeable week imaginable.

The *one* exception was the quantity of industrious fleas, and other insects, which pestered us by night: the mosquitos were bad enough by day; but to find one's body during eight hours given up to be victimized by these Lilliputian phlebotomizers, was too bad, and almost more than human flesh could bear. Mr. Tiffin would, we think, realize a hand-

some fortune in Canada; and any exhibitor wishing to possess the genuine *puces travailleux*, could not do better than send a commission to Kingston, and other towns we could name in the provinces.

Early in August we embarked on board the Lake Ontario steamer, and after a tolerably good passage, reached Niagara. Before leaving the harbour an event occurred which completely marred our merriment for the time. A poor half-Canadian half-Indian woman, who had followed a soldier from a village near the Falls, and who, under a promise of marriage, had been brought to shame and disgrace, was so disheartened at the conduct of her reckless seducer, whom she discovered to be a married man, that in a fit of desperation, she threw herself from the vessel into the water. Fortunately she was picked up by a boat's crew just as two of our party had plunged in after her. The tide was running strong, but by the exertions of the boatmen the wretched woman,

and those who had risked their lives for her, were all brought safely on board.

A subscription was immediately got up for the poor creature, and the captain of the steamer kindly gave her a passage to her native village, and upon her arrival there, she was placed under the care of a missionary clergyman of the Church of England. By dint of those precepts which had gained for this pious man the name of the friend to the afflicted, Janet Conteaux became truly penitent; and it was with no small gratification that we shortly afterwards heard that she had formed a matrimonial connection with one who, knowing her youth and inexperience at the time she had fallen a victim to an accomplished libertine, and who now assured of her contrition, and how with heavy heart she deplored the luckless hour in which she had strayed from the path of virtue, took her to his humble hearth, convinced that hereafter she would make every atonement in her power for the sin of her youth.

“Our last advices,” as the merchants say, inform us that Mr. and Mrs.—— are living together in the utmost harmony; that they have realized a small independence, and that nothing can exceed, as far as their means go, the charities they dispense to their poorer and unfortunate brethren.

Upon reaching Niagara, we lost no time in proceeding to the Falls, where to our great delight, we again encountered the American party, whom we had met on the Lake of St. François, and who had only preceded us a quarter of an hour in their arrival at the inn, near the stupendous cataract. The expectations of the whole party were now raised to the highest pitch; and he must indeed be a cold observer who can see this wonder of the creation, without sensations more than ordinarily intense and solemn.

But we will not attempt to describe what is in reality indescribable. Many highly-gifted authors and authoresses have written vividly



upon the subject ; but Niagara must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. While upon the subject, we must give two American ‘notions,’ which have already appeared in the United States’ press.

“ *Nationality* : An Italian travelling in this country, remarked with much enthusiasm in his foreign accent, ‘ You have no delights in America, that we have in Italy : we have there the beautiful sky, the exquisite landscape ; we have there Vesuvius, that sends its fire to the heavens !’ The true Yankee-boy stood it long enough : at last his pride came up ; he turned round to the southener, before he had time to let his hands fall from their gestures of admiration for his sunny clime, and with a tone of impatience, replied, ‘ Vesuvius ! Vesuvius ! why we’ve got a Niagara, and that will put her out in less than five minutes !’ ”

The other is a remark of a New York Stultz, who formed one of a party, of whom all were to write their impression of this wonder of the world :—

‘The tailor made a single note :—

Oh ! what a place to sponge a coat !’

As our object was to see the Falls, in every point of view, we remained four days at a remarkably comfortable inn, within a few hundred yards of them, where we passed our time most delightfully. The majority of our party being devoted to fishing, we agreed to return to Lake Ontario, where, at Mississaguiss Point, was a settlement of Indians, named after that spot, and who were famed as fishers and hunters.

Upon reaching their territory, our guides, and Skug, who had now become quite domesticated with us, made arrangements for a day and night’s fishing. In the former, we were accompanied by the ladies, the eldest of whom sang most divinely—while her two sisters, with less fine organs, gave the most perfect expression to the music they sung. We had a glorious day’s sport, killing some fine salmon, sturgeon, and other sea and fresh water fish.

As a matter of course, we compared the power of our beautiful syrens to the celebrated Amphion of old, whose melodious sounds drew innumerable dolphins around his vessel ; but at the same time requesting them not to imitate him by throwing themselves into the lake, as we saw no fish large enough to bear them on shore, should our attempts to save them prove ineffectual. A ramble to a settlement, through the woods, was agreed upon for the following day, and it was arranged that the ladies should accompany us on horse, pony, or donkey-back. The Commodore, who was the very essence of kindness and gallantry, had provided an excellent dinner for us on shore, after our day's fishing ; and it was not until a late hour that we broke up, when our boats again bore us by moonlight over the peaceful surface of the lake to the small hotel at Niagara town.

## CHAPTER III.

‘Lake after lake interminably gleam ;  
And past those settlers’ haunts the eye might roam,  
Where earth’s unliving silence all would seem ;  
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,  
Or buffalo remote lowed far from home.”

CAMPBELL.

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THE next morning we all arose at the first dawn of the day, and, having procured three ponies and a mule, commenced our excursion, in high spirits, animated with the beauty and freshness of the atmosphere. The faithful ‘Skug’ led the way, and for miles scarcely an animated being was to be seen ; now and then a wigwam appeared, out of which a wild

Indian, looking himself like an antiquated ruin of the forest, fiercely gazed. A flask of spirits, which our guides always presented to these savages, ensured us a most hospitable reception.

We now emerged from the forest, and reached a most picturesque lake formed from the overflowings of the Ontario. As we neared a huge rock, which overhung it, our ears were attracted to the dolorous sounds of females. Looking down from the promontory, we perceived, at its foot, many Indian women, forming a circle, and making preparations for some funeral rites. Sending our copper-coloured chief, Tee-tee-squas, with the olive-branch of peace, in the shape of sundry presents to the assembled party, we anxiously awaited his return.

After an absence of some few minutes, he informed us that a religious ceremony was about to take place, it being the anniversary of the death of the wife of an Indian chief. The circumstances connected with it were related



to us by our friend Tee-tee-squas, in a most simple and artless manner: the history interested us so much, that we cannot refrain from laying it before our readers.

“Mohawtan, an Ottawa warrior had married Oneida, a young and beautiful girl of his own tribe. For some time there had been a deadly feud between the Ottawas and the Mississaguiss, and in a skirmish Mohawtan had killed their chief, and possessed himself of his scalp. Shortly afterwards, the chief of the Ottawas died, and the young warrior was named as his successor. This post of honour was joyfully accepted, and he was preparing another attack on his foes, when a ‘flag of truce’ arrived from the Mississaguiss, offering peace between the two tribes, with the hand of their late chief’s daughter to the new leader of the Ottawas.

“Mohawtan at first declined the proffered offer; but his tribe urged upon him the necessity of such a step, which would at once convert

a powerful foe into a lasting ally, he finally consented to the fatal treaty. Mohawtan broke the intelligence to his faithful and adored Oneida, who received it with calmness.

The following day, every preparation was made for the meeting of the rival tribes—the calumet of peace was smoked; towards the afternoon, the sounds of wild martial instruments announced the arrival of the bride. No sooner had the young warrior clasped her in his arms, than Oneida was seen mournfully going up the rocky promontory.

“A misgiving came over the mind of Mohawtan; he called to the partner of his choice, who solemnly replied—

“ ‘ You are a traitor; henceforth I trust no more to man. May the Great Spirit have mercy on me.’

“ Scarcely had the words been uttered, than the poor creature flung herself from the rock into a bubbling abyss formed within it, and sank to rise no more.”

Such was the history of the faithful Oneida, whose melancholy fate was annually commemorated by her own tribe. Mohawtan did not long survive her ; having broken off the marriage with the young Mississaguiss, he fell a victim to the treachery of one of that tribe, who mingled a deadly poison with his food.

After paying our proposed visit to the Indian settlement, which varied but slightly from others we had seen, we retraced our steps home, and, by way of changing the route, skirted the forest over a dry and sandy plain. The sun was now in its zenith, the parched earth was most oppressive, and we dragged ourselves along the tedious path, overwhelmed with heat and thirst.

At length, we reached a few wigwams, where we found a very venerable-looking squaw, nursing a little papoose, or baby. It was a regular black-looking imp, that much more resembled a monkey than a human being, and which turned out to be her grandson. The

faithful Tee-tee-squas told her our wants, introducing into the palm of her hand certain silver coins, which residing as she did, so near to the town of Kingston, she seemed perfectly to know the value of. The ‘siller’ seemed to produce a most wonderful change of conduct; for the ebony ‘bambino’ was laid aside, and a hearty welcome, as far as gestures went, was given us. How true it is, that ‘money,’ like love, rules the court, the camp, the grove, in savage as well as civilized society, or, as Anacreon Moore writes—

‘Oil of *Palm’s* the thing that, flowing,  
Sets the *naves* and *felloes* going.’

After a most excellent repast, we resumed our journey, and arrived in Kingston in time to attend a theatrical performance, which was about to commence on a temporary stage in the ball-room of the hotel. The play-bills had announced Home’s celebrated tragedy of ‘Douglas; or, the Shepherd Boy of the Grampians!’

with the farce of 'The Waterman; or, Tom Tug's Courtship.' The parts of *Young Norval* by Miss Glendinning, that of *Glenalvon* by Mr. Stukeley Glendinning, and that of *Lady Randolph* by Mrs. Stukeley Glendinning, all from the London Theatres! The remaining characters were assigned to Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Co.

Great would have been the surprise of the Scottish writer, '*Home, sweet home*' (as was ours), had he witnessed the performance we did. In all country theatres it is usual to double a part as it is technically called; but in this instance the parts were quadrupled; for the three Glendinnings—father, mother, and daughter—enacted the whole tragedy and farce: it was a regular case of '*Three and the deuce*.'

In the play, Miss Glendinning appeared as *Lord Randolph, Anna, and Young Norval*; the father representing the proud *Glenalvon* and *Old Norval*; while Mrs. Glendinning



enacted the heroine, brought on messages, and prompted the piece.

In the farce the managerial couple appeared as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bundle*, introducing a scene in which the former vowed his daughter should not marry *Robin*, while the wife declared that she would '*pisen*' her beloved child, sooner than she should throw herself away on the Jolly Young Waterman.

Miss Glendinning then appeared as *Wilhelmina*, and during the period her respected parents were changing their costume, introduced a popular ballad, which was most vociferously encored by the waiters and boots of the hotel, 'under *orders*' upon this occasion; Mr. Glendinning then appeared as that pink of perfection—*Robin*; while Mrs. G. shortly afterwards made her bow as *Tom Tug*.

Of course, a great deal was said about *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bundle* in their absence, and their views upon matrimony; and the burletta wound up with a poetical 'gag' (as the players

call it), consisting of some half-dozen doggrel lines, in which 'smiles so winning' and 'Glen-dinning,' 'your applause' 'to serve our cause,' highest 'prize,' 'beauty's eyes'—were introduced with great effect, and ending with a complimentary stanza to Colonel Richmond, a retired veteran, the patron of the evening's performance.

'If *Richmond* then approve, we will not yield,  
But pitch our tents e'en here as Bosworth field.'

Upon the following day we parted with our American friends, but not until we had made an appointment to meet them again upon our return from Lake Huron.

Accompanied by our two faithful guides, we proceeded on foot to Fort Erie, through a richly cultivated country. As we passed along, we saw a variety of snakes basking in the sun; we did not, however, find any with rattles, although 'Skug' brought us the skin of one nearly four feet long, which he had purchased from a squaw for a few beads and a glass of

brandy. Tee-tee-squas told us that a soup made of rattle-snakes was most delicious and nourishing, and that the flesh was as white as the most delicate fish. Certainly, a *potage de serpent à sonnettes*, with Spitchcock rattle-snakes, would have been a novelty in the culinary department; but there were a variety of reasons against our indulging in such luxuries, one of which was quite sufficient—‘First catch your hare,’ was the advice of the celebrated Mrs. Glasse. We had failed to catch our rattle-snakes.

On reaching Fort Erie, where we remained a couple of days to lionize the neighbourhood, we found excellent accommodation at ‘*the hotel*,’ as it was called, and which was kept by a Scotchwoman, Mrs. Micklereed by name. Our Canadian Meg Dods did her best to render our stay at her house agreeable, and, upon the evening previous to our departure, produced a large bowl of whiskey-toddy, made after the true Glasgow fashion, and to which we did ample justice.

The following morning we took our leave, after quaffing a quaigh of real Glenlivat to the health of our hostess, and the country that had given her and the whiskey birth—‘bonnie brave Scotland.’ During the day, we rambled through the woods, and along the shores of the lake, with our guns. On the strand we found a great number of gulls, and different birds of prey, hawks and kites; we also met with large flocks of sand-larks, in colour somewhat resembling the grey lap-wing.

In the forests, we fell in for the first time with a large covey, or flock, of spruce partridges, or pheasants as they are called by the people of the country. Nothing could exceed their tameness: a day’s sport after barn-door fowl in a farm-yard would have been a joke to it. We bagged some half-dozen, being anxious to stuff them in both senses of the word, for we cooked four for dinner, and the remaining two may to this day be seen under a glass-case

in the room of the writer of this autobiography.

We now traversed Lake Erie and Lake Huron, and entered Lake Superior, the most magnificent body of fresh-water in the world (would that we wretched foul-water drinking islanders had it near our own metropolis), landing at the Grande Portage, which is a fort situated near the shore, containing several houses erected for the accommodation of the North-West Company: this is the general rendezvous for the traders. Those that leave Montreal in the summer, here meet those who have passed their winter in the Northern establishments; and a general traffic in furs at 'cost prices' takes place.

We were too late for the grand gathering, but still found many traders congregating in the place. After remaining a few days at the Grand Portage, we embarked on the river Au Tourt, in bateaux about half the size of those we had been previously accustomed to. The



Au Tourt is one of the finest rivers in the North-Western parts of America. Lake Winnipeg, which we next approached, is the great reservoir for several large rivers: the Knistenaux and Algonquin tribes inhabit its banks. Beyond Lake Winnipeg we passed many rapids, traversing several small lakes.

From the mouth of the Saskatchewan river we proceeded to our final destination—Chepewyan—which is a fort on the bank of the Lake of the Hills, occupied by traders, who here deal for furs brought in by the Indians. As this spot was to terminate our pilgrimage, we devoted a week to it. Here we had some excellent fishing: by the word fishing, I mean to express angling, spearing, netting, and every other manner in which the finny tribe fall victims to the skill and cunning of man. The grey, or salmon trout, which frequently weighs from twenty to thirty pounds, is the best fish found in the large American lakes.

One of our party, who had been a great fly-

fisher in the Highlands, tried his luck upon a river in the neighbourhood of the fort, and was entirely unsuccessful. There were so many roots, trunks, limbs, and branches of trees, that he found it quite impossible to throw his fly. We therefore resorted to the very cockney-like sport of baiting sundry hooks attached to lines, each having a float, and suspended from a strong cord, which we made fast to two wooden buoys anchored in the lake. These lines we visited morning, noon, and evening, and generally found more fish than empty hooks.

The muskanunge, or pike, and sturgeon, are very plentiful in the large lakes; and these afforded excellent sport in spearing. We found 'Skug' most experienced at the 'lance' exercise. Nothing could exceed the precision with which he tranfixed these Leviathans of the lakes.

The time we selected for this sport was night, and our plan of operation was as fol-

lows :—At the head of each boat stood an Indian, with a lighted pine torch, and by his side was placed the spearsman. The fish, attracted by the light, soon came in numbers, and gave us ample sport. Our greatest difficulty was to preserve what an old lady once, in our hearing, called her *equilibrium* ; for so slight and fragile were our barks, that the least over-shot would upset them, or at least give the spearer a ‘header’ in the lake.

Our friend Tee-tee-squas had struck up a most friendly alliance with one of the Knistenaux Indians, Metessin (last born)—literally, ‘the pet’—by name ; and, hearing that we were sportsmen, he kindly invited us to join his tribe in an elk-hunting excursion. This we gladly availed ourselves of. In all the northern parts of America, the elk, or orignal, is to be met with ; as is the cariboo, a species of reindeer.

Knowing that, even in civilized countries, the way to a man’s heart is very often through

his mouth, we thought it highly advisable to get a good footing with this uncivilised tribe, by giving them a feast. This we accordingly did; inviting a party, consisting of eighteen, to what in the fashionable circles of London would be called a *déjeuner dinatoire*. As the organ of fashionable life would say, the entertainment consisted of all the luxuries of the season; and the viands were of the first quality.

During our repast, Metessin explained to us, through the interpreter, the numerous ways of hunting the elk, and entered into some peculiarities connected with these animals. In winter the Indians follow them, shod in their snow-shoes—by means of which they walk without sinking, and easily overtake the elk, who is often nearly up to his knees in the snow, and unable to make much way. At other times they are driven into deep pits, covered over, on the Jack-and-the-Giant principle, with brushwood and branches of trees; they are also

shot with muskets and rifles, which weapons are now to be found among many of the savage tribes.

A peculiarity which is common to the elk must not be omitted, when the animal runs, the joints of his limbs make a great noise like the smashing of flints upon a macadamized English road, when, to borrow an old joke 'breaking up, is no holiday.' The quircajou hearing this noise, waits the approach of the elk, and darting down upon its back, fixes its claws in its victim's throat, tearing the neck a little below the ears, until it falls down. It is remarkable that this animal, which is not larger than a badger, should prove itself so powerful a foe to the elk, who is strong enough to slay a man or wolf; but such is the fact, as may be attested by all the authorities who have written upon this subject.

By daylight the next morning we were at the rendezvous; the guns were placed at the extremity of a narrow strip of wood, and the



Indians proceeded to beat and burn it out. Their yelling, shouting, halloing, and bellowing, added to the smoke and flames of the fire that arose from the brushwood and high grass, soon put the game on foot, and we had a capital day's sport. The scene altogether reminded one of the demon's hunt in *Der Freyschütz*, or the last scene in *Don Giovanni*, at the Opera House: for such a set of fiendish-looking personages could scarcely be considered as belonging to mortal hunt.

Upon our return we partook of a haunch of elk venison, and found the flesh tender and delicate, the tongue is very much esteemed, and we purchased some of these dried, which were afterwards looked upon as great luxuries among the gourmands of Quebec. Upon the following day we witnessed the capture of a few beavers; but the sport was too insipid to interest us: the animals being driven from the ponds by dogs, were taken prisoners or speared in their own dwellings. As English-

men, we ought to have blushed at this unconstitutional attack upon the rights and liberty of the subject. Another plan resorted to, was to let the water escape from the dam, leaving the amphibii — there's a new coinage — high and dry.

Our next day's sport—'carriboo stalking'—was highly interesting. The hunters went in pairs: the foremost man carrying in one hand the horns of the deer, and in the other some branches of trees, against which he, from time to time, rubbed the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. His comrades followed, treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in a horizontal position, so that the muzzles projected under the arms of him who carried the head.

Both hunters had a fillet of white skin round their foreheads: a strip of the same round their waists. They approached the herd by degrees, raising their legs after the manner of a deer, who, seeing nearly as extra-

ordinary a phenomenon as that witnessed by Macbeth's messenger—

‘A moving grove,  
And Birnam Wood is come to Dunsinane!’

instantly stopped to gaze at it. The hindmost man then pushed forward his comrade's gun, the head and branches were dropped, and they both fired nearly at the same instant. As we were lookers-on, we were content to get a stray shot as the terrified animals scampered off.

We now took leave of our auxiliaries, with the exception of Tee-tee-squas and Skug, and commenced our return to the more civilized provinces. We shot and fished our way, occasionally having excellent sport, and seldom or never having a blank day.

After a very prosperous journey, we returned to Kingston, and having warned our American friends of our arrival, found the party assembled, and an excellent repast and warm welcome awaiting us.

The night drave on wi' songs and clatter.'

It was a *cæna*, worthy of the ancients ; and what can exceed that pleasant meal, when, in the words of the Magician of the North, "the social glass washes out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day ?"

Our return to Quebec passed without any event worth recording. During our residence in that city—rendered gay by the presence of the Governor-General—we, in company with our American allies, visited everything worth seeing within the walls and neighbourhood. The Falls of Montmorenci and La Chaudière occupied two days, while we devoted a third to Loretto, an Indian village, inhabited by a civilized tribe, who earn their livelihood by selling ornamental boxes of bark and porcupine quills.

The plains of Abraham, where the gallant Wolfe so dearly purchased his renown, although one of the regular sights, was a spot that we

considered would not be very agreeable to our American friends, and we therefore never alluded to it. One morning, however, at breakfast, we found that the Commodore had ordered two open carriages; and upon our asking him what excursion he was going to propose, he replied, the plains of Abraham. Of course we said nothing, but accompanied the party in their drive.

The view from the heights is splendid, and there is one spot of ground that must ever be dear to an Englishman's heart, however unpalatable it might be to his enemies, and which is marked by a plain column, bearing the simple, yet appropriate epitaph—

‘ Here died Wolfe victorious.’

From the plains we proceeded with a special order to see the interior of the citadel, where there is also a monument raised to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, commemorating their glorious deeds. An invitation to dine with the



officers of the ——th, quartered within this stronghold, wound up our day's entertainment.

## CHAPTER IV.

“The high-mettled racer, now starts for the plate.”

DIBDIN.

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EACH country has its national sports : England her hunting, steeple-chasing, racing, cricketing, coursing, shooting, yachting, and fishing. Spain has her bull-fights — sanguinary, but daring spectacles bequeathed by the Moors. In Russia—ambitious, tyrannical Russia—the arena of sporting exhibitions, is the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, where splendid sledging and graceful skating are seen in per-

fection. In Germany, *battue* shooting is carried on, to the destruction of thousands. In Africa, they hunt the lion ; in Bengal, the tiger. In Northern India, particularly at Cabul (according to Sir Alexander Burnes's authority), horse-racing is a favourite amusement ; the course is generally twenty or thirty ' kos ' (forty or fifty English miles) across the country, sometimes through morasses and rivers.

The scene on these occasions is highly animating, as not only the racers (generally a field of twenty) set off, but the whole of the sporting assembly—perhaps nearly two hundred—accompany them for the first four or five miles. A judge has been sent on in advance, and the competitors seldom return until the second day.

Wherever Englishmen congregate, sport is sure to be carried on with spirit ; and there is no part of the habitable globe, where our countrymen have remained for any time, that

the fine, manly exercises of our native isle have not been introduced. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, have all witnessed them.

The country in which I was now located (Canada) had adopted all the English sports enumerated at the commencement of this chapter—and the garrison races were about to take place. A detailed account of the sport would be uninteresting; not so, perhaps, an adventure that befel me on the occasion.

On the evening of the first day's races, I was returning to Quebec, when a small, shrivelly man, with hollow cheeks, black twinkling eyes, and long lanky hair, mounted on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me—and, drawing up, said—

“I guess, Mister, you're one of the Britishers that have been racing on the plains?”

“I am, Sir,” I replied, not a little surprised at the tone of the new comer.

“Now, I calculate,” he continued, “that you know as much about racin' as a Chippewa

Ingian does of a pair of dancing pumps. But, to the point. I've a four-year-old colt, which I raised—half-blood, though a perfect pictur' of a horse—which, if you'll give me a little start, I'll run any horse in the country ; winner to be sold for three hundred dollars."

I replied, that I would at once accommodate him, with a slight alteration in his proposal—that, instead of a little start, I would make him a handsome allowance of weight for age and breed. After some slight demur, the Yankee agreed to run his four-year-old American colt Eagle, 8 st. 11 lbs., against my thorough-bred English mare Camilla, aged, 11 st., best of heats ; the first a mile, the second two miles, and the third three miles ; for 200 dollars each, p.p. Stakes to be made that evening, at the Union Hotel.

As my friend trotted off, I fancied I heard him say—"I reckon I'll slip into those Britishers, afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I calculate I can see as far into a millstone as



the best of 'em." The stakes were duly made, the articles drawn up, and the following morning I was proceeding to the race-course, when I heard a clatter behind me, and on looking round, saw my friend of the day before.

Anxious not to have any further communication with him for the present, I pushed my hack on faster and faster, to his best trot.

"I guess that's a pretty considerable smart horse; legs well under him—gathers all up snug—no rollin' or wabblin'—all steady," said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined in, to prevent his horse passing me.

I felt humbled; my favourite trotting hack Dick Turpin was beaten. This might be ominous of the fate hanging over me. To continue this unequal contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

"Yes," continued my tormentor—"a horse

of pretty considerable good action, and a fairish trotter, too, I guess."

These words cut me to the quick; Dick Turpin to be pronounced by a Yankee dealer to be merely "a fairish trotter." Anxious to change the conversation, I made the usual common-place English remark upon the weather, and deservedly was I punished for this piece of nationality.

"It's generally allowed," said he, "our climate in America can't be ditto'ed. And Canada, before you Britishers spilt it, was none so bad; but in the States it stumps the whole universal world. It whips English weather by a long chalk. None of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat cuttin' weather; but a clear sky, raal cheerfulsome."

We reached the race-course, and my 'little unknown' weighed and mounted. Eagle was a thin leggy animal, very unlike his owner's description: "a real daisy—a perfect doll—dreadful pretty—a genuine clipper—could

gallop like the wind ; beat a cannon-ball, by a neck or so ; had an eye like a weasel, and nostril like Commodore Rodger's speaking-trumpet."

The jockey was equipped in an old pair of dark-coloured corduroy unmentionables, shoes and gaiters, a waistcoat that once had been yellow, and a red silk pocket-handkerchief tied round his head. No sooner was this American 'Chifney,' as he thought himself, in his seat, than the brute, upon which he was mounted, began rearing, kicking, and plunging.

After one or two false starts, we both got away—the Eagle making tremendous running ; before we had got half-a-mile, however, he put his foot upon a stone, fell, and the rider pitched over his head. As the Eagle had flown across the plain, I of course pulled up, and expressed a hope that the jockey was not hurt.

"Don't stand starin' and jawin' there," said the prostrate man, "but help me up ; I'm

proper tired ; I blow like a horse that has got the heaves, and I guess I had better wash my face, for I've ploughed up the ground with my nose the matter of a foot or two."

Remembering the trick that had been attempted on my first appearance on the race-course, at Southsea Common, I was too wary to dismount (which I afterwards ascertained was the Yankee's object), as he hoped by that manœuvre to get me distanced ; so calling to some soldiers of the artillery to help Jonathan to the weighing-stand, I cantered over the course. No sooner was his trick seen through, than up he jumped, and, mounting his horse, which had now been caught and brought to him, tried to overtake me ; but that was not to be done : I had passed the winning-post ere he had arrived at the distance-flag, and he was declared distanced.

A wrangle now ensued, the American loudly declaring that no distance had been mentioned, and that we must run the race out.

The stewards were appealed to; who, of course, decided that all matches run on the Garrison Race-course were subject to the usual laws of racing; that all bets were to be paid; and the stakes now given up to me, upon my horse walking over, when, anxious to give the Eagle a chance, I consented to run one heat, either of a mile, two, or three, for the stakes, provided an additional hundred dollars were posted on each side.

This was agreed to, and the last race of the day was to decide the bottom of the English and American horses, for the three mile course had been selected. The event came off as I expected; the Eagle went again on the "go-ahead" system and at the end of two miles completely shut up: I made a waiting race of it—winning by a neck. Camilla was claimed. I regretted her loss; but consoled myself with having received, including the stakes, six-hundred dollars for her.

The loser bore his disappointment with the



greatest good humour, declaring that his horse was "clear grit—ginger to the back-bone, and actilly equal to cash"—adding, "that he had purchased Camilla for a friend, as he himself had no likin' for the critter." Pleased with the manner in which my antagonist had borne his defeat, I presented him with a small gratuity, and he took his departure.

On the following day I discovered the cause of his good humour, which did not in the slightest degree add to mine. A few weeks previous to the races I had given a friend of mine a commission to purchase an American horse, which according to common report, had been winning everything in the States. Unfortunately my friend fell in with a 'cute Yankee horse-dealer, who agreed to purchase the horse for him for three-hundred dollars. Being at that time rather green in the ways of the world, I had written to an agent at Montreal to pay that sum as soon as the horse arrived there.

This was accordingly done, (as was I, in the sequel); but instead of remaining in that town with the new purchase, which I was anxious should be the case, as the races were shortly to take place there, and there was a large allowance for American bred horses in the great sweepstakes open to all nations, the dealer proceeded to Quebec in the steam-boat, horse and all. No sooner had he arrived, than he sought me out in the way I have described, without, of course, telling me that he had brought my steed with him; nor until the day after the races did I discover that I had not only been running for my own money, which the "artful dodger" had staked, instead of paying the gentleman from whom the horse was purchased, but that I had beaten my own newly-bought flyer Eagle, as the sailors say, "on every point" of running, and had parted with "Camilla" for three-hundred dollars.

To sum up all, I had presented the rogue with a gratuity, and had to refund nearly

fifteen pounds to my Montreal agent, for money advanced to the dealer for his expenses, independently of three hundred dollars, the price I had consented to give for this miserable specimen of Yankee horse-flesh, which, as a matter of course (I mean no pun), was beaten at Montreal by the very animal I had sold—Camilla. In the following winter, the high-mettled racer, Eagle, was reduced to the situation of wheeler in my sledge, if such a term (as appropriate as the common mistake of asking a Jew his Christian name) can be used where wheels are dispensed with.

To resume. The time had now arrived, when our American friends were compelled to return to New York, and upon a lovely summer morning we embarked in the steam-boat for Montreal. Just as we passed the citadel, and were admiring the view of the city from the deck of the vessel, a man approached me, and, in a true Yankee dialect, addressed me as follows :—

“That’s your stronghold, I reckon?”

I bowed assent.

“Well,” continued the intruder, “we flogged you pretty considerably last war; and next time you dare show your teeth, we’ll bring that fort about your ears, I calculate.”

To this I made no reply, and, anxious to prevent a disturbance in the presence of ladies, I passed forward, in the hope of getting rid of my persecutor; but he would not be so easily shaken off.

“I guess, Mister, you harn’t much of the British Lion about you,” continued he, as he followed me towards the forecastle, where at that moment the captain of the steamer was standing. “You’re hard of hearing, Mister, I reckon!” said he.

My anger was now roused, and, turning short round, I replied—

“Neither hard of hearing nor hitting, you’ll find!” and, suiting the action to the word, I planted such a right-handed blow in the face

of the aggressor, that he measured his length on the deck. To adopt a poetical description of Tom Moore—

‘As the Yankee went down,  
I tipped him a dose of that kind, that when taken  
It isn’t the stuff, but the *patient* that’s *shaken*.’

No sooner had my prostrate foe recovered his legs, than he launched forth a tirade of oaths and invective, that at the London police magisterial price of five shillings per oath, would have taken the change out of a twenty-pound note. He first threatened law, and then rifle practice at five-and-twenty yards, declaring that nothing short of my life could atone for the disgraceful chastisement I had inflicted upon him.

During this period, my friend the commodore, who had been informed of the fracas, and was acquainted with the cause of it, approached; and at that moment, to my great surprise and delight, my Yankee pest skulked away.



“What, Mr. Jefferson Drakelaw, is it you?” said the good-humoured sailor; “you and I have an old reckoning to settle;” and, following the culprit to the fore-castle, entered into what I looked upon as a remonstrance. Nor was I wrong in my conclusion, for in a few seconds, Mr. Drakelaw returned, and, offering me the most abject apology, assured me that I should hear no more of the affair. Of course, I could do no less than receive the *amende honorable*; and I was then informed by the commodore, that Jefferson Drakelaw had originally been in partnership as a horse-dealer in New York, with the man who had swindled me at the races—that, by some mal-practices, Drakelaw had realised a considerable fortune, with which he had set up for a gentleman, and had shortly squandered away. For an attempt to cheat at cards, he had received a good horse-whipping, which he was too cowardly to resent. His only object, then, was to attempt to redeem his lost character, by picking a quarrel with every man he met.

His skill with the pistol and rifle was so great, that it finally overcame his natural fear ; and he was as ready for mischief as the most sanguinary-minded duellist of 'ould Ireland' was in the days of Barrington, so graphically depicted by the latter authority, in his 'Life and Times.' Not wishing to become a target for this fire-eater, I was not a little delighted at the termination of this untoward event.

We reached Montreal without any further adventure. Upon the following day, a grand dinner was to be given by the North-west Company, and we received invitations to attend it. Like all public dinners, it was rather tedious and noisy ; during the repast, the clatter of plates, knives and forks, the jingling of glasses, and the tread of awkward waiters, caused no little confusion ; no sooner was the cloth removed, than the usual healths and toasts were given.

Then followed the long and short-winded harangues ; the declarations of the speakers

that, "at no moment of their lives, had they ever felt so happy, and that the unexpected compliments paid them would act as incentives for their future exertions in the public cause." In short, there was the usual quantity of 'soft sawder' administered, the usual quantity of songs sung, the usual quantity of wine and spirits drunk, the usual quantity of cigars smoked; and last, not least, as far as our own experience went, the usual number of headaches in the morning, and an unusual number of bottles of soda-water called for to carry off the evening's potations.

The weather was lovely; and what with fishing, shooting, rowing, and flirting, the hours passed like minutes; and when we reached La Chine, where we took leave of our American friends, we deeply regretted that our pilgrimage was over, and that we were again to return to our military duties. We had now to part with Tee-tee-squas and the 'Skug,' and it was with the very greatest difficulty

that we induced them to leave us. They both volunteered their gratuitous services to us, as the servants say in the advertisements — “wages being less an object than a comfortable place;” although, be it known, that the moment in our own country that the livery is put on, the domestics usually reverse the above saying.

As it was possible I might have to return to my native land, and as my companions were shortly to leave Canada for different parts of the globe, I felt that an Indian would not be quite the man to convert into a gentleman's gentleman; although I cannot help wishing that many of the fraternity possessed the attention, devotion, and honesty of that race. After presenting them with a variety of presents, giving them excellent characters, and strongly recommending them to any of our countrymen who might wish to explore the upper provinces, we took leave of our trusty followers, wishing them, as they fully deserved,

every good fortune that this world could bestow.

Business detained us a few days ; and upon the morning of the afternoon that we were to embark for Quebec, we were not a little surprised at the re-appearance, during breakfast, of our Indian guides. These worthy fellows proceeded to inform us that they had rejoined their tribe ; but that the life they had been lately leading with us, was so different from that which they had formerly passed, that they could not again reconcile themselves to the Indian camp.

Tee-tee-squas was most eloquent upon the subject, and in the course of conversation made us acquainted with the true cause, namely, his attachment to a certain Miss Josephine Bostick, an attendant upon one of the American young ladies we had just parted with ; and who, under the plea of indisposition, had remained behind at Montreal.

Whether, like a modern Desdemona, Miss



Josy (as she was called) had seen the Indian's 'visage in his mind,' I know not. Suffice it to say, he had unburthened his mind, proposed, and she in return, had pledged her faith to him.

Our next consideration was how we could best advance the interests of the happy pair; and after some little deliberation we raised a small subscription, to set them up in that earthly paradise of retired servants, a public-house. It was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Tee-tee-squas, with the aid of 'Skug' as his assistant, should establish a sort of caravansary at La Chine, for the benefit of travellers. The in-going was trifling; and having advanced them means, we proceeded to a sign-painter's and a printer's, to furnish them with a board to attract passing strangers, as also a prospectus of the new tavern.

One of our party, being a tolerably good artist, sketched an idea for the 'Indian Arms,' for such was to be the title of the house,

which Burke, in his heraldic work, would have described as follows :—

Arms quarterly: first, three scalps and a tomahawk; secondly, the calumet of peace; thirdly, spears, bows, arrows, and nets; fourthly, a bateau laden with furs. Over the arms were painted the English and American flags. Supporters—dexter, an Indian warrior, cross-belts over his shoulder—to one a powder-horn pendent, to the other a scalping-knife, holding in his exterior hand a tomahawk, thereon a scalp; sinister, a chief, holding in his exterior hand the calumet, or pipe of peace, all p.p.r. Crests: a green sand-piper p.p.r. for Tee-tee-squas; on a mount vert, a squirrel sejant, cracking a nut, all p.p.r. for ‘Skug.’ Motto—‘Whoo-paa! whoo-paa! Hught! hught! hught!’—literally translated, ‘Hurrah! hurrah!’—a shout of triumph of the Indian warriors.

The printed prospectus ran as follows :—

“ Tee-tee-squas, of the Oswegatchee tribe,

begged to inform his friends and the public that he had opened a new tavern, called the 'Indian Arms;' that every attention would be paid to their comfort; that English punch, Scotch toddy, and Irish whiskey were to be had in perfection; as also gin-sling, sangaree, sherry-cobbler, cock-tail, citronella-jam, hail-storm, dash of lightning, and mint-julep, from New York recipes; that Tee-tee-squas and another, known by the name of 'The Squirrel,' were ready to act as interpreters, and attend sportsmen to the North-west Company's possessions; and that the landlord's wife, from the United States would superintend all household arrangements."

Such was the outline of a prospectus which we caused to be placarded over Montreal and neighbourhood—copies of which we also directed might be sent to other towns in the provinces.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE Q. D. C.

(Queer Devil Club.)

‘Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !  
On every side the noise approaches ;  
Said I coaches ? Oh, I mistake ;  
I carriages for coaches take.’

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No sooner had the winter set in, than we had some excellent snipe shooting ; and did I not fear to lay myself open to a comment upon the Munchausen propensities of travellers, I would mention the result of a week's sport. It was, without drawing a long bow, beyond any I had ever heard of in Europe.

Early in October, the St. Lawrence was completely frozen over, and sledging commenced. We established a driving club called the Q.D.C., meaning Quebec Driving Club, though the wags interpreted it '*Quem Deus conservat.*' We met once a week in a square opposite the Château, and having appointed a president and vice-president for the day, started in procession, the former leading, the latter bringing up the rear.

After parading the principal streets, we proceeded some miles into the country, where we enjoyed a pic-nic luncheon—nay, sometimes a dinner and a ball, returning by torchlight. In Canada, the ladies of the creation think nothing of taking a seat in the sledge of a bachelor, although to drive with him on wheels during the summer would be deemed an outrage on the usages of society. This club gave rise to a great many squibs and caricatures. I remember the beginning of a long epic poem, which, as a specimen of North-American versi-



fication, I have laid before my readers; the poet, for versification, having rendered 'carriole'—the Canadian name for a sledge—*carriole*.

Winter, in Quebec, is the season of general amusement. The clear frosty weather no sooner commences, than all thoughts about business are laid aside, and every one devotes himself to pleasure. By means of their carriages, the Canadians transport themselves over the snow from place to place, in the most agreeable manner, and with a degree of swiftness which appears almost incredible; for with the same horse I myself have gone sixty miles a day with perfect ease, so light is the draught of one of these carriages, and so favourable is the snow to the feet of the horse.

The carriage is calculated to hold two persons and a driver; and it is usually drawn by one horse: if two are made use of, they are put tandem fashion, as the track will not admit of their going abreast. The shape of the carriage is varied according to fancy, and

it was a matter of emulation among the members of our driving club who should have the handsomest one.

There are two distinct kinds, however—the open and the covered. The former is commonly like the body of a light cabriolet or dennet, put upon two iron runners or slides, similar in shape to a pair of skates; the latter consists of the body of a chariot or coach, put on runners in the same manner, and both are entirely lined with furs. The carriages glide over the snow with great smoothness, and so little noise do they make in sliding along, that it is necessary to have a number of bells attached to the harness. I know, no way of winding up this slight sketch of sledging, than by giving Sam Slick's opinion upon the subject:—

“A little tidy scrumptious lookin' slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin' for all the world like a

bunch of apples broke off at gatherin' time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and her lips—the one lookin' right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—is e'en almost enough to drive one ravin', tarin', distracted mad with pleasure—an't it? and then the dear critters say, the bells make such a din, there's no hearin' oneself speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horse; and then whop you both go, capsized into a snow-drift together—skins, cushions, and all. This is fun alive!" To the clockmaker's sentiments, I say *ditto*.

Amateur theatricals were shortly established, and I was chosen manager. A company of players had been 'fretting their hour' upon the stage during the summer, and having been compelled to shut up the house, we engaged the female part for the winter.

The theatre was newly embellished, under

the superintendence of a young officer of the Royal Engineers, who has since arrived at great eminence in his profession, having erected the model prison at Pentonville, and is now holding the highest situation connected with the prison department. A new drop-curtain was painted ; the gallery was converted into private boxes, the centre one of which was taken by the Governor-General ; the lower circle continued as dress-boxes, and the pit was open on the principle of the Opera House ; the prices, to every part of the house, being five shillings. The surplus, after the incidental expenses, was to go to different charities ; and, I am happy to say, our speculation so far succeeded, that we were enabled to hand over a considerable balance at the end of the season.

No sooner had we made arrangements for our opening night, than we advertised for an address. Many effusions were sent in, and no little amusement was created over the "re-

jected" ones. At last a selection was made, and the lines adopted were given to a gallant colonel, now a general officer (may he live to be a field-marshal), to recite.

Everything being in train, "The Honeymoon" and "Raising the Wind" were announced; the parts were cast, much to the satisfaction of some, and annoyance of others, for, on a first representation, I could only take the words of the actors as to their capabilities. A rehearsal was called; as usual, nobody attended punctually; nobody remembered the sides at which they were to go on the stage, and nobody observed the directions of the prompter.

The night arrived, the theatre was crowded in every part, the overture was played, the National Anthem was sung, and the colonel advanced to the lights, and, after receiving a most flattering greeting (for in private and public life this officer was truly popular), began, and after delivering himself of some half-



dozen lines, upon the subject of the stage from the days of Shakspeare, was proceeding to the more immediate point of the address, and appeal in behalf of the amateurs—"Hold, I forgot,"—when true enough, he did forget, for not one syllable more could he utter.

In vain he looked in his hat for a copy of the address; in vain he turned to the prompter, who had been called away on some business; in vain he tried to recover his memory. Fortunately the author was at the wing, who gave the word, the speaker took it up, and went through the rest admirably.

I pass over this performance, which went off extremely well; but finding that all wanted to be "kings, and none Laertes," and that for the humbler walks there were no candidates, I called two officers into my councils, thus making a theatrical triumvirate. Previous to the second representation, an event occurred which placed us in a very awkward predicament; at the first rehearsal, the lady who was

to have played *Maria*, in "The School for Scandal" was absent without leave. Scouts were sent after her in every direction, and at last the awful news was communicated, that the actress had been taken up on a charge (a false one, as it afterwards proved to be) of having stolen a spoon from her landlady.

What was to be done? Some thoughtless wag suggested "The Maid and the Magpie," the principal character by the absent lady; another thought that "The Delinquent" and "Lock and Key" would be appropriate—that is, if through any influence it could be arranged to get the "Prisoner at large." In the mean time we instructed a legal gentleman to defend the unfortunate absentee, and lost no time in seeking for a substitute.

By no possibility could the trial of the innocent creature come on before the night of the performance; and a messenger was about to be despatched in a sledge to Montreal, to procure a substitute from the

company there, when, at a rehearsal, a bugler of the —th Rifles, stepped from the orchestra upon the stage, and suggested that his wife, who had once performed at Guernsey, was fully competent to the task.

The lady was sent for, and shortly made her appearance ; and certainly, as far as personal looks and manners went, she seemed likely to prove an addition to the company. The part was given her, with a request that she would attend the next rehearsal, and that she was at liberty to order herself a dress from the Quebec Maradan. The eventful morning arrived, when the *débutante*, who was to appear under her maiden name, Miss Hawkins, was to give the company “a taste of her quality,” and, to the annoyance of all, her nervousness was so great, that she could scarcely utter a line.

Every encouragement was given her, and as she improved a little, hopes were entertained that in time she would conquer her timidity.

The part of *Maria* was cut almost to nothing, and at the last rehearsal, the lady acquitted herself rather better.

The evening arrived, when the sight of the lamps seemed to inspire the heroine, as she walked courageously on, to receive a hearty reception due to her beauty, if not to her talent. We pass over her acting, which was quite inaudible, and bring our readers to the last scene, previous to which the writer of this, who acted *Charles Surface*, called the novice aside, and said—"Don't be frightened; there's one line you must deliver with emphasis, for a point turns upon it: when Sir Peter says to me, 'What! you rogue, don't you ask the girl's consent first?' and I reply, 'Oh! I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked Yes,' you must reply, 'For shame, Charles! I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word,' come boldly forward; speak well out to the audience; never mind the exact words, but convey the meaning that you never had said a word."

The young lady was all attention, and promised implicit obedience, and faithful was she to her word; for no sooner had I delivered the above quoted line, than, coming forward to the lights, the gentle but now inspired Maria uttered, in a voice that could be heard in the deepest recess of the house, "Oh fie, Charles! I *purtest*, Sir Peter, I never said no *sitch* thing."

A shout of laughter welcomed this little natural lapsus, and it required all the self-possession of my brother performers and myself to prevent our giving vent to our risible faculties. The play, however, went on smoothly; albeit a slight laugh was raised during the 'tag,' at the poetical compliments paid by me, as the reformed scapegrace Charles, to the lovely Maria.

I ought here to add that the unfortunate daughter of Thespis was honourably acquitted, and again took her station on the boards. The bugler's wife played one or two cha-



racters, where beauty, not speaking, was required.

Another event occurred at Quebec, during the performance of 'Raising the Wind,' which may be worth recording; and again was I, who acted *Jeremy Diddler*, the hero of it.

The second scene of the second act opens, and discovers the all-accomplished 'Diddler,' under the disguise of Fainwould, at the table of Mr. Plainway, at which are assembled that antiquated piece of virginity, Miss Laurelia Durable, and the 'paragon of premature divinity,' Peggy. According to the stage directions, Diddler is to sing a verse of 'The beautiful Maid'—now addressing himself to the young, then to the old lady.

In the acting edition, the following note is given:—'The singing, on account of Mr. Lewis's inaptitude at turning a tune, is omitted in representation.' The above being equally applicable to myself, as it was to the late popular comedian, the song was to have

been omitted, when an idea occurred to me, which I lost no time in acting up to. Among our corps was a gentleman, who, in addition to great dramatic powers, possessed a most beautiful voice; and, anxious to give every effect to the scene, I prevailed upon him to place himself immediately behind the scene, at the front of which I was sitting, and sing the verse through a slit in the canvass.

The scene opened, and Jeremy Didler, with open mouth and appropriate action, appeared to be singing the stave. There was considerable surprise among my own friends, who were fully aware that singing was not one of my accomplishments; the rest of the public listened with attention, and rewarded me with shouts of applause.

“Bravo!” shouted one from the upper boxes. *Encore, encore!*” cried two enthusiastic admirers in the pit. “*Encore!*” echoed a dozen voices, stamping and beating with their feet and sticks. In vain I attempted to

go on with the part. “*Encore, encore !*—The Beautiful Maid !” shouted the entire pit—for the verse had been exquisitely sung.

I now tapped at the back scene, and asked, in a low tone of voice, whether my double was ready to give the verse again ; but unfortunately, the real Simon Pure had run off to his dressing-room, at the upper end of the theatre. I now bethought me, of what was to be done ? the house was uproarious ; nothing but the song would satisfy the audience.

While in this dilemma, I rose from the table, advanced towards the lights, and, in a manner in which I attempted to imitate the great Robert William Elliston, that prince of apologists, said—

“ Ladies and gentlemen—”

“ Silence—hear him—song—bravo !”

“ Ladies and gentlemen — nothing would give me greater pleasure than having it in *my* power to comply with your flattering wishes ; but, unfortunately, within the last two minutes

I have actually *lost* my voice, and I could not sing a note if my life depended upon it."

"Bravo—go on!" shouted the Quebec public. At length silence was obtained, and I again took my place—when, at the very moment, the gentleman with the voice, who had been made aware of the cause of the disturbance, and had not quite caught the words of the apology, thinking an *encore*, even at the eleventh hour, was better than none, warbled forth the last verse of the 'Beautiful Maid.'

For a moment I was completely upset; but recovering my self-possession, I opened my lips, put my hand to my heart, appeared to labour in singing—and, at the end, drew forth such a shout as made the welkin ring. Miss Durable, instead of keeping to the text, and saying "Mr. Diddler, you sing delightfully," congratulated me on the sudden recovery of my voice, which drew down another round of applause, and the remainder of the farce went off admirably.

While upon the subejct of private theatricals, I must mention a ludicrous event that occurred one night during our amateur performances, which might have caused a considerable sensation in the house, had it not been discovered in time. The tragedy of 'Douglas' was got up for the purpose of allowing a young histrionic tyro to figure as the noble shepherd-boy; and, as we always had great difficulty in getting the inferior parts filled, we were at a sad loss to find any member of the corps willing to take that of one of the retainers of Lord Randolph, who has secured the person of Old Norval. He has but a few lines to utter, but all were unwilling to don the kilt in a Canadian winter, and go on for it.

At last, it occurred to me that a German serjeant of the —th Rifles, who spoke English tolerably well, and who had so great a love for theatricals that we employed him on the stage, would acquit himself respectably in the



rejected part. Calling him up, I begged he would make himself perfect in two or three lines, beginning—"I found him lurking in the hollow glen." I explained to him the situation, telling him that he must picture to himself finding a deserter in a wood, who he had captured, when attempting to skulk away. I added, that, if he felt nervous, he need not attend to the very words, but that he must convey to the audience, in his own phraseology, the fact that he had found the man lurking about.

At rehearsal, Serjeant Gortye read the part with proper emphasis, and was highly commended. The night came, and I had reminded him to speak well out, and was sitting at the wing just previous to the scene commencing, when I saw my friend pacing up and down the green-room, which was then unoccupied, dressed out in a splendid tartan costume, and spouting his part very loudly to himself. I listened for a minute; he was called to go

on the stage; again he repeated the line; my ear caught the words; I rushed in. "What are you saying?" I exclaimed.

The call-boy again summoned him.

"All right, koptain!" shouted the German, seizing hold of old Norval with a firm grip; 'won't I make one hit!' I cotch'd de buffer, lurking in de woods!"

"We are ruined!" I exclaimed.

The man was at the wing, still repeating *sotto voce*, the above fatal words. I could not approach him, and had only just time to say, "I found him lurking;" not one word more.

The well-disciplined non-commissioned officer caught my saying, and, to my great relief, delivered himself of my version, instead of his own, which would have shocked all the admirers of the Scottish dramatist, and would have converted our crying tragedy into a most laughable farce.

## CHAPTER VII.

‘ So, westward, tow’rd the unviolated woods  
I bent my way.’

‘ ————— There man abides,  
Primeval Nature’s child.’

WORDSWORTH.

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As, previous to my departure from Canada, I was most anxious to visit the Mississippi, I lost no time in making arrangements to carry my views into effect ; and my first object was to recruit a complement of *voyageurs* from the band that were usually to be found loitering about the place. This arrangement was left to one of our party who, having passed the greatest part of his

life in North America, knew the habits of the various tribes, both civil and uncivilized. From the *voyageurs* attached to the North West Company he engaged a number sufficient, as he supposed, for our purpose, and, having laid in a supply of provisions, ammunition, and Indian goods, we embarked in one of those great canoes at that time universally used by the fur-traders for navigating the intricate and obstructed rivers.

It was nearly forty feet long, and was constructed of birch bark, sewed with fibres of the roots of the spruce-tree, and daubed with the resin of the pine instead of tar. The cargo was made up in packages weighing about 100 lbs. each, for the facility of loading and unloading, and of transportation at the *portages*.

The canoe itself, although capable of holding a freight of upwards of four tons, could be easily carried on the men's shoulders. Our craft was to be managed by a crew of ten, with two picked veterans, who were to receive

double pay. These, termed the foreman and steersman, were to take their stations, one at the bow and the other at the stern, to keep a look out a-head and steer. The remainder, who were to work the paddles, were called middle-men.

In a few days, all having been reported ready, we took our departure from St. Anne's, near the extremity of the island of Montreal, the great starting-place of traders for the interior. Here, formerly, stood the ancient chapel of St. Anne, the patroness of the Canadian *voyageurs*, immortalized by Moore in those exquisite lines—

‘ Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.’

It was here the boatmen made confession, and offered up their vows, previous to departing upon any hazardous expedition. The shrine of the saint was decorated with relics and



votive offerings, either to propitiate her favour or in gratitude for some signal deliverance.

It was the custom, too, of these devout vagabonds, after leaving the chapel, to have a grand carouse in honour of St. Anne, and for the prosperity of the voyage; and in this part of their duties our crew proved themselves by no means deficient.

The expedition now made its way up the Ottawa, and, by the ancient route of the fur-traders, along a succession of small lakes and rivers to Michilimackinac—*Anglicé*, ‘The great Turtle.’ Our progress was slow and tedious, as the crew pulled regular ‘dock-yard fashion,’ and were ever ready to come to a halt, land, light a fire, put on the great pot, eat, drink, smoke and gossip by the hour.

It was not until the first of August that we arrived at Mackinaw, situated on the island of the same name, at the confluence of Lakes Huron and Michigan.

Mackinaw, at the period I write of, was a

mere village, stretching along a small bay, with a fine broad beach in front of its principal row of houses, and defended by an old fort, which crowned an impending height. Here, at certain seasons, the traders arrived from all points — from Lake Superior and its tributary waters, the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the Missouri, and other regions of the west.

During our stay, the place swarmed like a hive with traders, trappers, *voyageurs*, Indians, North-Westerners, South-Westerners, travellers and idlers. Here we engaged a party of 'natives' to accompany us on our sporting expedition; there being no portion of North America more abundantly supplied with fish, aquatic fowls, and game. Myriads of ducks and wild geese frequent the rivers, bays, and lakes, and can be easily shot, as our party could testify. Turkeys, quails, grouse, pigeons, and hawks, are numerous; while bears, wolves, elk, deer, foxes, beaver, otter, musk-rats, martin, racoon, wild cats, rabbits, and squirrels are found in the forests.

Nothing can exceed the extent and beauty of these woods—consisting of oak, sugar, maple, beech, ash, poplar, white and yellow pine, hickory, cedar, plum, walnut, crab-apple, cherry, black and honey-locust. There is likewise an undergrowth of aromatic shrubs and creepers, together with berries of various kinds—cranberries, whortleberries, blackberries, currants, sloes, and choke-cherries.

After two good days' shooting, we reached a great fishing place, and found a large body of Indians busily engaged in killing and drying salmon. Here there was a perpendicular fall of upwards of five-and-twenty-feet on one side of the river, while on the other was a succession of rapids. The fish were taken in almost incredible numbers as they attempted to shoot the falls.

It was the height of the season, and at sunrise the whole camp of Indians turned out to commence their piscatorial pursuits. The salmon began to leap as soon as the day dawned ; and at that hour the swarthy disciples of old Izaak, swam to the centre of the falls,

where some stationed themselves upon rocks, and others stood to their waists in the water, all armed with spears, to assail the monarchs of the finny tribe, as they attempted to leap, or fell back exhausted. It was an incessant slaughter, so great was the throng of fish.

The construction of the spears used on this occasion was peculiar, The head was formed of a straight piece of elk-horn, about seven inches long, on the point of which an artificial barb was made fast, with twine well gummed. This head was stuck on the point of the shaft—a very long willow pole, to which it was likewise connected by a strong cord a few inches in length.

When the spearsman makes a sure blow, he frequently strikes the head of the spear through the body of the fish. It comes off easily, and leaves the salmon struggling with the string through its body, while the pole is still held by the spearsman. Were it not for the precaution of the string, the willow-shaft would be snapped by the struggles and weight of the fish.

Having purchased a good supply of 'kippered salmon' from these wild fishermen, we returned to Mackinaw, where, after remaining a day to attend a feast given by a resident Scotch merchant to Charley Coolhurst, who had claimed kindred with him as a cousin twenty times removed, we augmented our party to thirty, and made preparations for embarking.

But the embarkation of a crew of Canadian *voyageurs* on a distant expedition was not so easy a matter as we had anticipated, especially as we had paid them their first fortnight's wages in advance. Like British tars, the Canadian boatmen universally preface a long cruise with a carouse; and such was the case on the night previous to our departure.

We had accepted Malcolm McAllister's invitation to 'spoon exercise' (as Fanny Kemble calls it, in her *American Travels*), and nothing could exceed the hospitality of our host. The tables were amply supplied with game of all kinds—the freshest fish, the finest venison,



with other hunters' delicacies—buffalo tongues and beavers' tails.

Here for hours did we sit, and listen with astonished ear to the tales of hardships and adventures of the 'North-Westerns'. There was no stint of generous wine, for it was a hard-drinking era—a time of loyal sentiments, Bacchanalian songs, and brimming bumpers. Our host toasted his new-found cousin; Charley responded with burning eloquence, and drank the McAllister. I also came in for a share of the honours. We then pledged a dozen beauties; each drank to the 'girl he had left behind him;' and morning dawned ere we had drunk the doc-an-dorrus.

While we thus revelled in hall, and made the rafters of our banqueting-room (a huge log house, ornamented with skins of every wild animal, spears, and warlike implements) resound with bursts of loyalty, patriotism, and old Scotch songs, chanted by voices cracked and sharpened by the northern blast—our mer-

riment was echoed and prolonged by a legion of Indian hunters, *voyageurs*, and hangers-on, who feasted sumptuously without ; making the welkin ring with snatches of old French ditties, mingled with yelps, whoops, and yellings.

Every cabaret and settler's booth along the bay resounded with the scraping of fiddles—the night was given up to feasting—and it was with the greatest difficulty we extricated our crew from the clutches of the publicans, and got 'all hands' on board.

Thence we pursued the usual route by Green Bay, Fox River, and the Wisconsin, the *Prairie du Chien*, to that great artery of the west, the Mississippi, and thence down to St. Louis, where we landed on the 1st of September.

Having a letter of introduction to a leading partner of a fur company established at this most thriving town, we were very hospitably received, and passed a few days most agreeably at his residence. St. Louis being the last fitting-out place for the Indian trade of the

south-west, was, at the time I refer to, most fully, if not fashionably, attended.

There might be seen the boatmen of the Mississippi—men of iron, proof against all weather, hard fare, and perils of every kind—mingling with the gay, good-humoured Canadians, who, inheriting much of the lightness of heart of their ancestors, were feasting, gaming, and indulging in every gentleman-like (!) extravagance and revelry. Vagrant Indians of various tribes, deserters from the British army, unsettled settlers, wandered about the streets. Now and then a stark Kentucky hunter, in leathern dress, with his rifle slung across his shoulder and ‘bowie-knife’ in belt, strode along, looking down upon some bustling, active shop-keeper. Here and there were eager men of traffic from the United States.

The town itself was founded by some French traders in 1764. It extends for about two miles along the river, in three narrow, parallel, ill-paved streets, rising above each other in

terraces, and has, within the present century, been greatly improved. The houses are, for the most part, built of limestone, and are surrounded with gardens. There are abundance of coffee-shops, billiard-tables, a theatre, and dancing-rooms. St. Louis is, in fact, a miniature Orleans.

Anxious to proceed on our expedition, we determined to push up the river as far as possible, to some point where game was plentiful; accordingly, within three days we took our departure. Our party was distributed in two boats; one was a barge formerly used in navigating the Mohawk river; the other was a large keel boat, at that time the great conveyance on the Mississippi.

In this way we set out in buoyant spirits, and soon arrived at the mouth of the Missouri. The waters of the Mississippi, at its confluence with the Missouri, are moderately clear, and of a greenish hue. The Missouri is torpid and opaque, of a greyish white colour; and, during

its floods, which occur twice a-year, communicates, almost instantaneously, its predominating qualities to the combined stream. We found our sails but of casual assistance, as it required a strong wind to conquer the force or the current ; our main dependence was on the bodily strength and dexterity of the crew.

The boats, generally speaking, required to be propelled by oars and setting poles, or drawn by grappling hooks, from one root or overhanging tree to another ; the long *cordelle*, or towing line, was occasionally used, where the shores were sufficiently clear of woods and thickets to permit the men to pass along the banks.

During this long and tedious progress, our craft was exposed to frequent danger from floating trees, and masses of drift wood, or of being impaled upon ‘snags’ and ‘sawyers’—‘*Anglicè*,’ sunken trees presenting a jagged or pointed end above the surface of the water. As the channel of the river frequently shifted



from side to side, according to the bends and sandbanks, the boats had, in the same way, to advance in a zig-zag course. Often, a part of the crew would leap into the water at the shallows, and wade along with the towing line, while their comrades on board toilsomely assisted with oar and setting pole.

The territory of the Missouri, while it was in a state of nature, abounded with wild animals, which have, as usual, fled before the approach of civilization, and have taken refuge farther in the desert. These were the buffalo and the great brown bear—the latter a formidable animal, both from its size, strength, extreme ferocity, and, above all, its tenacity of life. Wild horses are found in droves, on the prairies, between the Arkansas and Red rivers; they are very fleet and difficult to be taken, and are of various colours; they are occasionally captured by expert riders, on swift domesticated horses, by means of a noose thrown with inconceivable dexterity over their

necks. Deer, elks, bears, wolves, panthers, and antelopes, are numerous. Wolves and panthers follow the buffalo herds, and feed on the calves. The grizzly, or white bear is found on the head branches of the Missouri, and is as ferocious as the great brown bear. Cabree and moose are plentiful, but Rocky Mountain sheep are the most common animals.

The natives at the point to which we directed our steps, which was an Indian settlement, live generally by fishing. It is true, they occasionally hunt the elk and deer, and ensnare the waterfowl of the ponds and rivers; but these are casual luxuries, their chief subsistence being derived from the fish which abound in the rivers and lakes.

As the Indians of the plain, who depend upon the chase, are bold and expert riders, and pride themselves upon their horses, so these piscatory tribes excel in the management of canoes, and are never more at home than when riding upon the waters. Their

canoes vary in form and size ; some are upwards of thirty feet long, cut out of a single tree. The bow and stern are decorated with grotesque figures of men and animals. In managing their frail barks, they kneel, two and two, along the bottom, sitting on their heels, and wielding paddles from four to five feet long, while one at the stern steers with a paddle of the same kind. The women are equally expert in managing the canoe, and—as females are often wont to do—take the helm.

The first day after our arrival, we accompanied our Indians upon a fishing expedition, but it appeared to us tame after what we had previously witnessed. Sometimes they spear sturgeon and salmon, but more frequently use the net, and the hook and line. Occasionally they sink a rope in the river, by a heavy weight, with a buoy at the upper end to keep it floating ; to this rope several hooks are attached by short lines, a few feet distant from each other, and are baited with small fish. This

apparatus is often set at night, and by the next morning several sturgeon will be found hooked by it; for, although a large and strong fish, they make but little resistance when thus caught.

Salmon are taken in vast quantities, principally with the seine net. The country we were in, abounded with aquatic and land birds, such as swans, wild geese, brant, ducks of almost every description, pelicans, herons, gulls, snipes, curlews, eagles, vultures, crows, ravens, magpies, woodpeckers, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, grouse, and a great variety of what Tilburina calls 'the finches of the grove.' The principal quadrupeds that had been seen by the Indians were the stag, fallow-deer, hart, black and grizzly bear, antelope, bighorn, beaver, otter, musk-rat, fox, wolf, and panther—the latter extremely rare. The only domestic animals were horses and dogs.

According to the settlers' account, the grizzly bear is the only really formidable animal. He is the favourite theme of the

hunters of the far west, who describe him as equal in size to a cow, and of prodigious strength. He makes battle, if assailed, and often, if pressed by hunger, becomes the assailant. If wounded, he becomes furious, and will pursue the hunter; his speed exceeds that of a man, but is inferior to that of a horse. In attacking, he rears himself on his hind legs, and springs the length of his body—woe to horse or rider that comes within the sweep of his terrific claws, which are sometimes eight inches in length, and tear everything before him.

At the period I am treating of, the grizzly bear had (like some of the broken tribes of the prairies) gradually fallen back before his enemies, and was only to be found in the upland regions, in rugged fastnesses like those of the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. Here he lurks in caverns, or holes which he has dug in the sides of hills, or under the roots and trunks of fallen trees.

Like the common bear, he is fond of fruit and meat. He is also carnivorous, and will



even attack and conquer the buffalo, dragging his huge carcase to the neighbourhood of his den, that he may feast upon it at his leisure. The hunters, both white and red men, consider the bear the most heroic game, as he will receive repeated wounds without flinching.

Every day we made some new sporting excursion, and the scenery and objects, as we proceeded, gave evidence that we were advancing deeper and deeper into the domains of savage nature. Our encampments at night were often most pleasing and picturesque. On some beautiful bank, beneath spreading trees, which afforded us shelter and fuel, the tents were pitched, the fires lighted, and the meal prepared. Many a story was told, joke and repartee passed round, and song and catch were heard, as we gathered round the cheerful blaze of pine logs, enjoying our pipes and bowls of whiskey toddy.

The pigeons were now filling the woods in vast migratory flocks. So great was the num-

ber one morning, in the vicinity of our bivouac, that we had a most splendid *battue*—quite a Red House day. On one occasion, when in pursuit of game, we came upon an Indian camp in an open prairie, near a small stream which ran through a deep ravine. The tents were of dressed buffalo skins, sewed together, and stretched on tapering pine poles, joined at top, but radiating at bottom, so as to form a circle capable of admitting thirty persons.

After sending our guide to reconnoitre the camp, and ascertaining that, fortunately for us, it belonged to a friendly tribe of Indians, we selected some few presents, and made our way to the chief's residence. Charley Coolhurst tried to frighten us by his vivid description of the Blackfeet bloodhounds, who had turned out an unfortunate beaver-trapper for a human hunt across the prairie, and who had happily escaped his pursuers by taking the water, and remaining hid under a natural raft of drift wood. Undaunted by this recital, and,

as the Irishman says, 'small blame to us,' for we were out of the power of escape had we even wished it, we entered the camp, where nothing could exceed the kindness of the wanderers: they not alone invited us to their lodges, but set food before us with true uncivilised hospitality.

During the two days that we lingered at this place, our tents were continually thronged by our new allies, who were a civil, well-behaved people, tolerably cleanly in their persons, and decorous in their habits. The men were tall, straight, and muscular, with aquiline noses, and high cheek bones. Some were in a state of nudity; others had leggings and mocassins of deer-skin, with buffalo robes, which they threw gracefully over their shoulders, with all the pride of our hereditary senators, on state occasions.

In a little while, however, they began to appear in more fanciful array, tricked out in the finery obtained from us. Here, might be seen a dark specimen of humanity dressed in

an English shooting-jacket and fancy waistcoat ; there, another with a straw hat and a pair of Wellington boots ; a third, with a pilot coat and a 'belcher' handkerchief round his raven hair ; a fourth, sported a pair of sailor's trousers and a black opera tie—in short, they were as fine as old clothes, bright feathers, brass rings, beads of every hue, yellow ochre, and vermilion could make them.

Understanding that at some few miles' distance we were likely to have some deer-shooting, we selected three of our recently-formed dark acquaintances, who were reputed to be excellent sportsmen, and proceeded upon our 'dun-deer stalking.'

There are two kinds of antelopes in these regions ; one nearly the size of the common deer, the other not much larger than a goat. Their colour is a light grey, or rather dun, slightly spotted with white, and they have small horns, like those of the deer, which they never shed. Nothing can surpass the exquisite symmetry of their limbs, in which

lightness, elasticity, and strength, are wonderfully combined.

All the attitudes and movements of these beautiful creatures are graceful and picturesque; and they are, altogether, as fit subjects for the fanciful imaginations of the poet, as the oft-sung bright-eyed gazelle of the east. Their habits are shy and capricious; they herd together in the prairies, are quick to take alarm, and bound away with a fleetness that defies pursuit. So long as they keep to the open plain and trust to their speed, they are safe, but they have a prurient curiosity that often betrays them to their ruin.

When they have scudded for some distance, and left their pursuers behind, they will suddenly stop, and turn to gaze at the object of their alarm. If the pursuit is not followed up, they will, after a time, yield to their inquisitive propensities, and return to the spot from whence they have been frightened.

Charley Coolhurst, who

‘Kenn’d the wiles o’ dun-deer stalking,’



displayed his experience and skill in entrapping many of these animals. Taking advantage of that well-known curiosity, so fatal to other little *deers* (I have unwittingly perpetrated a pun) from Eve to Blue Beard's wives, he hid himself in the long grass, and putting his handkerchief on the end of his ramrod, waved it gently in the air.

This produced the desired effect. The antelope gazed at the mysterious object for some time at a distance, then approached timidly, pausing and reconnoitring with increased anxiety; moving round the point of attraction in a circle, but still drawing nearer and nearer, until, being within the range of the deadly rifle, the inquisitive animal fell a victim to his Paul-Pry propensities.

We continued this sport for some hours, much to the delight of our Indian hunters, who decked themselves out with the horns and hoofs of the game.

Upon our return to the camp, we found it a scene of the utmost festivity. It was the

anniversary of a battle that had taken place between our friends and a neighbouring tribe, in which the former had been victorious. All were equipped in their gala dresses.

The chief wore a gay surcoat—a regular paletot—and leggings of the dressed skin of the antelope, embroidered with porcupine quills brilliantly dyed. A buffalo robe was thrown over his right shoulder, and across the left was slung a quiver of arrows; over his jet-black locks was a coronet, formed of the feathers of the black eagle—a bird held sacred among these warriors; and, by way of a glorious trophy, having killed an enemy in his own territory, he was entitled to drag at his heels the skin of a fox, attached to each mocassin—a distinction he seemed not a little proud of.

Upon our reaching the tents, the pipe of peace was produced with much ceremony. The bowl was made of a species of red clay; the stem, nealy six feet in length, decorated with tufts of dyed horse-hair of almost every colour. The pipe-bearer lighted the pipe,

held it towards the sun, then to the different points of the compass—after which he handed it to the chief. The latter smoked a few whiffs, then holding the bowl in his hand, and repeating some few words in the savage tongue, offered the other to us successively.

I after this, ‘in a neat and appropriate’ speech, proposed the health of the chief and his tribe, which was duly translated by the interpreter. We made an offering of sundry small presents of beads, buttons, and tin-foil, which were gratefully received, and duly acknowledged. Then commenced the war feast, and scalp dance, with martial song and savage music; Charley Coolhurst and myself took our partners, and joined the merry throng.

A huge bowl of punch was afterwards made by one of our *voyageurs*, who had been taught how to brew this grateful beverage; and mirth and good humour prevailed. The ‘Cool of the Evening,’ who had got rather excited with the hilarity of the scene and the strength of the liquid, began to make desperate love to a

beautiful young Indian — an original *belle Sauvage*. Bribing the interpreter (who was what the sailors call two sheets in the wind) to translate the following pretty speech: “That the white man implored the child of the wilderness to look upon him with kindness;” he received, through the same channel, as beautiful a reply as ever emanated from the lips of female, whether in an uncultivated or civilised state: “Oulamen, my husband, who is ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing any one else.”

Fortunately, Oulamen was absent, or the scalp of the London Assurance Company, represented by Coolhurst, might have adorned the devoted Indian's tent. Urging our ‘cool’ friend to be more circumspect, we renewed the dance; and all was mirth and gaiety. The women and children gathered round us; old men, who could no longer bear arms, harangued the youthful warriors, exhorting them to valorous deeds.

Amid a mingled sound of voices and rude



music, a procession was formed, headed by the chief, who was carried in triumph, very much in the manner a popular representative is chaired in England, and was followed by his tribe, bearing banners, trophies, scalps, and painted shields. In this way the savage chivalry poured forth with hideous yells and wild war-whoops; and, more like madmen or demons broke loose, they conducted us a few miles upon our return towards the spot from whence we had first commenced our excursion.

Almost every settler who has established himself on the Missouri, confidently expects that his farm will in a few years become the seat of wealth and business, and the mart for an extensive trade; and certainly the enterprising spirit of the Americans is remarkable in this State.

Within the period that has elapsed since the cession of this country (part of the former Louisiana) to the Union, much more has been achieved, in every point of view, than during the preceding years, when it was in possession



of France and Spain. Towns, settlements, villages, streets, and farms, have sprung up in every direction ; the population has increased sevenfold ; and if they are not superior in wealth to their neighbours, it is certainly to be attributed to their want of industry, and to the passing of the greater part of their time in spirit stores, according to their prevailing custom.

Still there is more money among the inhabitants than in any of the Western States, and prices are demanded accordingly. Cattle that fetch in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, ten dollars per head, are sold in Missouri for nearly three times that amount ; and so on in proportion.

There is something very extraordinary in the strong and seemingly irresistible impulse which is bearing the American population westward. A passion for migration prevails quite apart from the mania of speculation or the desire of gain. In the inhabitants of the new States and territories more especially, there

is a propensity to remove in the same direction, for which Dr. James, who writes so cleverly upon the subject, admits "it is not easy to account."

By this habit of frequent migration, it may, indeed, be well understood how a fondness is acquired for an adventurous, unsettled life; and this love of the backwoods seems native to the American, and may justly be termed a national passion. It has clearly its seat in the imagination; the result, in part, of an habitual familiarity with geographical ideas, and of associating those ideas with political magnitude. From the interest which every American takes in his government, he connects a feeling of personal importance and conscious power with the extension of its territorial domain, and he expatiates in the boundless range with all the pride of freedom. What poetry and romance are to more refined spirits, the wilderness is to him—an abstract region to which he can escape from the littleness and narrowness of the present, and find an ample field for the

indefinite roving of his mind. With Byron he can exclaim—

‘ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.’

Geography exercises over his imagination the power of the fine arts, and to his eye the map glows with all the richest colours of the canvass. The west is the site of futurity, and he travels in that direction in pursuit of it.”

That this is no exaggeration, will appear from the language of Americans themselves :

“The solitude and silence which reign in the colossal forests of the Missouri,” remarks one of their ablest writers in the *North American Review*, “strongly impress a meditative mind ! but it is association, imagination—it is history, prophecy, that impart to this spot a thrilling interest for every American. We have no remembrances like those which cluster about York Minster. England has no anticipations like those awakened at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi.”

Our excursion is concluded ; but we cannot take leave of Canada without expressing a hope that those beautiful provinces may make rapid strides towards the attainment of the prosperity which their soil, climate, and many other natural advantages have so eminently qualified them for enjoying.

“ As Canada increases in wealth, not only will there be a greater demand for English manufactures, but a still greater trade will be carried on with other countries ; thereby giving employment to a greater number of English ships. As Canada grows in riches, it will be enabled to defray the expenses of its own government, which at present fall so heavily upon the people of Great Britain. Neither is there reason to imagine that Canada, if allowed to attain such a state of prosperity, would be ready to disunite herself from our country, so long as she is governed with justice, mildness, and wisdom ; for she need but turn towards the United States to be convinced that the great mass of her people are in possession of as

much happiness and real liberty as those of the neighbouring country.”

The above are the sentiments of one who knows well the subject which he so admirably discusses; and the truth of which must be evident to all who have studied the circumstances and resources of this highly favoured colony.

In conclusion,—‘*Canada!* with all thy faults I love thee still.’ Nor can I part with the inhabitants of the New World without one farewell benediction. In the United states, where I passed many happy days, I saw in the mass of Americans liberal and inquiring minds—men possessing that independence of spirit which is their birthright.

If occasionally I saw an exception to the rule, as in the case of Mr. Jefferson Drake-law, the Yankee dealer, I was not illiberal enough to draw general conclusions from isolated premises, or to censure a whole nation for the faults of a few; and most fervently



do I trust that no circumstance will arise to disturb the harmony which now happily exists between the free-born sons of America and England.

I have little more to recount of my Canadian 'sayings and doings,' which, I am compelled to admit with shame, were acts of egregious folly.

I had well nigh formed a matrimonial alliance with a young Ionian beauty, whose mother boasted that her daughter was the lineal descendant of a most noble house—but who turned out to be of obscure origin, and of blemished reputation. Thanks to Coolhurst, I was made acquainted with the fact of the dark-eyed Myrrha having run off from Corfu with a young rifleman, before I had been victimized.

Would that I could have thrown a veil over the past! but, as a faithful recorder of my early faults and failings, I have concealed no portion of them, trusting that a more pleasing

task may devolve upon me during the progress of my adventures.

After two years in Canada, and one in Nova Scotia, I returned to England to rejoin my regiment. Ascertaining that the Mostyns were in Wales, on a visit to some relatives, I immediately proceeded to Courtenay Manor, where I was most affectionately greeted by my kith and kin, and the friends of my youth.

The temporary absence of the Ramsays saved me a severe pang.

## CHAPTER VIII.

‘Six to five in favour of the *Dealer*.’

HOYLE’S GAMES.

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AS I HAVE, in a former chapter, given my readers an insight into the character of a Yankee dealer in horse-flesh, I must, as a set-off, lay before them my first transaction with an English specimen of the same fraternity—‘*Arcades ambo*’—blackguards both.

In the beginning of November, I found myself in London; and having passed nearly three years abroad, although not very green in age, I was awfully so in the ways of the world, especially the London horse-dealing world; and

the instance I am about to relate, should it not prove amusing, may at least prove instructive, and be the means of warning others as to the *shuffling pack* that then constituted the metropolitan *dealers* (I write of more than five-and-twenty years ago,) although for all I know to the contrary, a new generation of honest men may have sprung up in that calling. But to my story :—

My regiment was quartered in Ireland, and I had leave until Christmas, when I was to join it. The time was to be occupied in fitting myself out with uniforms and equipments. At the period I refer to, I enjoyed (as I am proud to say I do still) the friendship of as noble-spirited and kind-hearted a creature as ever drew the breath of Heaven.

He was then a young Guardsman, and proved by his courage and coolness on many a trying occasion, that, however much the household troops 'who live at home at ease' may be looked upon as 'carpet knights,' upon every occasion

where their services are required against the enemies of their country, they will, in the words of their late chief, 'Up, Guards, and at them.'

My young friend, although devoted to Mars, was a great disciple of Diana, and delighted in the chase, and that feeling was greatly increased by his intimacy with one, who, from his fortune, good looks, and kindly qualities, had the ball (some say a golden one) at his feet.

In this intimacy I shared, and imbibed a strong love for hunting, from the many splendid runs that were daily recounted over a bottle or more (as the case may be) of right excellent claret, in the snug coffee-room of the Clarendon Hotel, then kept by Jacquiere.

At that time few dining-clubs were in existence, and 'young fellows,' and 'men about town,' were driven to the elegant, although rather extravagant, luxuries of Grillon's and Jacquiere's, or the more rural fare, marrow-bones and beeswing-port of the Piazza ; instead



of enjoying, as they now can do, and for the lowest possible charge, the good, plain punctually-served dinner of the United Service Club—the excellent fare of the Junior, the splendour of the Army and Navy, the comfort of White's, the magnificence of the Reform and Carlton, the exquisite cooking of the Windham, the well-regulated table of Boodle's, the eastern luxuries of the Oriental, the snuggerŷ of the Garrick, and last not least, the Apician feasts of the Conservative.

But I have digressed; so, as Spenser writes,

‘Now turn again my teme, thou jolly swaine,  
Back to the furrow which I lately left.’

Our usual convivial trio had assembled at the Clarendon, at the table nearest the fire, in one of those snug boxes, alas! like a great many good old arrangements, swept away by the march of intellect; and which are now only to be found in commercial rooms and city chop-houses.

“A devilled biscuit, and another bottle of Cutler and Wilson!” exclaimed the Guardsman, as the venerable waiter made up the fire.

“Why not a magnum?” asked *l’homme du jour*, “we must drink ‘fox-hunting.’”

“Agreed, agreed!” echoed the party.

“And then,” I continued, “we’ll have your wonderful run in Leicestershire. I hear you went so forward that everyone thought you had a letter to deliver to the fox.”

The waiter re-appeared with the magnum of claret, and a plate of devilled biscuits, that would have furnished a good first lesson to any fire-eater.

“Well here’s fox-hunting!”

“Fox-hunting! — fox-hunting!” echoed throughout the room, as we each drank a bumper of the sparkling rosy wine; “and now for the run.”

“We met at Shoby Scoales; I rode Carver, Tom Matson was on Gilder, my second horse.

A finer scenting morning could not be, nor a more splendid field. The hounds were thrown into cover, and they had not been there long before a favourite hound, old Frantic, challenged gallantly. We all prepared for a start, but were held in check by the Squire crying ‘Hold hard! let them get fairly out, and settle a little on the scent; then ride over them if you can!’ They soon broke, dropped their sterns, raised their heads, and went away breast high. We came to a check in Frisby gorse.

“After a short breathing, most satisfactory to man and horse, our fox broke again as gallantly as ever, and took us at a slashing pace to a gorse near Great Dalby; but we made it too hot to hold him, and away he went through Gadsby, near Queenborough, towards Syston, where turning to the right he crossed the Leicester road, and led us to Mount Sorrel. Here we ran into the plucky ‘varmint’ near the wind-mill on the hill, after one of the finest runs I ever saw.”

We filled bumpers to the health of the master of the Quorn, and parted for the night, having previously arranged to accept an invitation from the reciter of the exploit in Leicestershire, for a week's hunting in Northamptonshire.

The following morning I was up early, and proceeded forth in my tilbury (for in those days hack-cabs were unknown, and gentlemen could not enjoy a ride of a mile for the small sum of sixpence).

My first visit was to Mat Milton, from whom a cousin of mine had purchased a charger. Making myself known to the ostler, a small bell was rung, and the master of the horse appeared.

"Hoped the nag suited, sir," exclaimed the dealer; he's a nice little horse, *ondeniable* action, quiet as a lamb; has carried a lady."

"He has turned out very well," I replied, "and will shortly be with the Blues, to be broken-in."

“Broken-in! he wants no breaking. Why one of them long-legged gigantic fellows, called a ‘rough-rider,’ are enough to spoil any horse.”

Little did the great poet’s namesake know of the class he libelled, who for hand, sweet temper, courage, and perfect knowledge of the *manége*, yield to none.

“I hate,” continued Mat, “to see them lumbering troopers, with their bodies erect, and a hand like a vice, spoiling the best horses; but what can I show you, Captain Courtenay? I have ’em of all sorts and sizes. I’ve a wonderful park hack, handsome as paint, a regular lady-killer — only two hundred and fifty guineas.”

“Two hundred and fifty guineas!” muttered I to myself, “nearly a year’s pay! If he asks that price for a hack, what will he require for a hunter?”

At length I took courage, and told the worthy dealer that I wanted a hunter, and I believe I looked quite as sheepish as Keeley



was wont to do, when, as *Mr. Green*, in ‘Tom and Jerry,’ he called the attention of Mr. Tattersall to the fact of his “vanting an ’unter.”

“I’ve just the horse to suit you. Jim—put a saddle upon The Scythe. I calls him The Scythe because he cuts ’em all down. The ‘Markis’ rode him last Saturday—he’s number one, letter A, and no mistake. There, walk him up quietly; now trot him down—gently, gently does it. Only play,” he added, as the horse lashed out most viciously at a gaping bystander. “Bill, put up the bar—top hole; he leaps like a squirrel. Now, Jim,” and away went Jim, with his back bent, his knees doubled up, and cleared the bar in style.

“Get upon him, Captain,” continued the loquacious dealer, “he’s as quiet as a lamb, as easy as an arm-chair. Let out the stirrups—last hole but three.”

I proceeded to mount. “A hole or two longer,” I exclaimed.

“ Oh ! that’s sodjer-fashion ; ” said Mat ;  
“ why, these military riders have no more idea  
of riding than that child ; I’d back that young  
’un against the best of them across country ; ”  
and the dealer would have been right, had he  
spoken of future years, for that child has grown  
up to be one of our best steeple-chase riders.  
I trotted up to the bar, and my steed cleared  
it in the most sportsmanlike manner.

“ What’s the lowest price you ask ? ” said I,  
in an hesitating voice.

“ I refused two hundred guineas this morn-  
ing, Captain ; but as your family have been  
customers of mine, and the horse is made for  
you, I’ll take pounds.”

“ Two hundred pounds ! ” I mentally ex-  
claimed, chanting in an under-tone—

‘ How happy’s the soldier who lives on his pay,  
Who spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day ! ’

“ The price is rather too high,” I said, chap-  
fallen ; “ take him in.”

“What!” responded the jocose dealer; “you admire the form, but the *figure* won’t suit; take him in—a bill of six months will do; sorry to send a customer away.”

From a particular objection to issuing bills upon my exchequer, which, like many modern exchequers, was not in a highly flourishing state, I declined the accommodating horse-dealer’s offer. Having ascertained to what price I would go for a hunter (which he technically described as under three figures), he ordered Jim to bring out the little black mare.

“She’s had a slight accident, lost one of her eyes when a foal—no natural defect.”

Out came Jim, mounted on the feminine Cyclops. “Gently, Polly-fame,” said the ostler, who, having heard of Polyphemus, in the innocence of his heart taking it to be a female’s name, had thus perverted the title of the one-eyed son of Neptune and Thoosa.

“There,” said Mat—“there’s a picture!

nearly thorough-bred—got by Partisan, out of a Gohanna mare; she has all the elegance, fire, and speedy appearance of the sire, with all the Herculean strength and constitutional hardihood of her grandsire Walton, and the beautiful symmetry and lasting game qualities of her other grandsire Gohanna.”

Upon looking attentively at ‘Polly-fame’s’ eyes, I fancied that there was not much to choose between them, and that she could not, with truth, say—after the fashion of the widow in the song—

‘What, though I’ve lost one eye,  
The other is a piercer.’

I therefore declined the black mare. From Piccadilly, I proceeded to Elmore’s, Bean’s, Bonnett’s, Shackell’s, and Dyson’s, but found nothing that would suit; there was always a ‘but’ or an ‘if.’ A chesnut gelding was perfect, *‘but’* the price was a hundred more than I could afford. A brown mare would have

suiting me, ‘*if*’ she had not had a ‘London cough.’ A grey horse was a first-rate hunter, ‘*but*’ unfortunately he was a little lame.

It was now nearly dusk, and I was beginning to despair, when, in driving through Bruton Mews, my attention was attracted by a board, upon which was painted, in large letters, ‘Samuel ———, dealer in horses. Hunters jobbed by the month or season.’ With the present law of libel staring me in the face, I shall not give the real name of the dealer, but write him down as Sam ‘Sharpe.’ Upon driving up to the stable door, that respectable man made his appearance, and politely accosted me.

“Nice little horse, Sir, you are driving” (it was one of Tilbury’s, hired for the day, and no man turns out better). After some further conversation, he begged to know my pleasure. I told him I wanted a good hunter, and that I should prefer taking one on trial by the



month, with the option of buying, if approved.

To this, Mr. Sharpe replied that he had a "sweet horse,"—"low figure,"—and, in every respect, a Melton horse; but he was left to be sold by commission; Sir Harry Goodricke had ridden him two seasons, and had 'set' all Leicestershire with him.

"Unfortunately," he proceeded, "all my own horses are on job, but I expect two home from the Pytchley after Christmas.

The latter statement was made after the ostler had ascertained from my 'tiger' that I required a horse immediately, and which intelligence was forthwith communicated to the master. I asked to see the hunter, but there was a hesitation—"Without an order from the owner's groom, it was impossible; but if I would call in the morning, I could see him."

This, I answered, was out of my power, and was about to leave the yard, when the ostler received the 'office,' as it is technically termed.

Rubbing down his oiled hair, and pulling his top-knot, he said—

“ Perhaps, Sir, Jim Davis is at the ‘ Berkeley Arms ;’ shall I go and inquire ? ”

Off went the man of oats, and in a few minutes returned with a man whom I afterwards ascertained to be a ‘ bonnet,’ and who upon all occasions took the parts of gentlemen grooms.

“ Your servant, Sir,” said the new comer—  
“ I beg your pardon, Captain Courtenay—I hope I see you well ” (my name he had picked up from the ostler, who had completely ‘ sucked the brains,’ if any there were to suck, of my duodecimo groom). “ It’s rather late to have the horse out, Captain ; but if you’ll step into the stable, I’ll have him stripped, and you’ll be able to judge of his good points.”

A lanthorn was produced, and in we went.

“ How like Merlin ! ” I exclaimed, in a low

tone of voice, as I approached the far-famed hunter.

This remark was not lost.

“Take off his cloths,” said Mr. Sharpe ;  
“By Merlin, out of a Whalebone mare. What an eye you have for a horse, Captain!—he’s the very picture of old Merlin—rising six. There’s figure, bone, and blood.”

I went up, and in a knowing manner looked at his eyes, felt his legs, and gave a sort of Burleigh shake of approbation.

“What’s the lowest price?” I asked. “One hundred and fifty guineas,” replied the groom, “and worth the money ;” and so in truth he appeared to be,

Young Merlin looked perfectly thoroughbred ; was full sixteen hands high, with prominent knees, and very oblique fetlocks ; back and loins splendid, and, had his shoulders been a *little more* lengthy, he would have been all I could have wished. Mr. Sharpe now advanced—

“His action in dirt is splendid ; up to thirteen stone, and such a timber jumper ! Take my advice, Captain : if you want a good hunter, one as will do the trick handsome, buy him ; it’s against my interest, as I only gets a small commission.”

Mr. Sharpe having thus described the horse, I turned over in my mind the possibility of getting him on trial.

“I cannot give such a price,” said I, “for a horse I have never seen out of the stable ; but if you can make any arrangement to let me have him for a month on hire, I will agree at once.”

“*Unpossible*,” said Mr. Davis.

“Quite *onpossible*,” echoed Mr. Sharpe.

“Well, then, good afternoon,” said I, turn- as I thought, to take a last, long, lingering look of the crack hunter.

I was actually seated in the tilbury, when Mr. Sharpe approached, and said—

“Please, Captain, just step into the counting-house ; perhaps we can come to a deal.”

I descended, and entered a small den, four foot by six, where a high stool, a wooden desk, an inkstand, a sporting almanack, and a tallow candle in a black bottle, formed the furniture.

“I’ve been thinking, Captain, that I could, by stretching a point, accommodate you.”

I was all attention

“Suppose I buys the ‘oss,” and lets him to you for the season? this might make things square and pleasant.”

I looked compliance.

“The terms sha’nt be hard ; I likes to do business in a liberal manner ; honesty’s the best policy, after all.”

After delivering himself of this moral axiom, Mr. Sharpe retired for the purpose of speaking to the groom, but not before I had told him that one hundred and thirty pounds was all I was prepared to give, and that I must have a month’s trial, for which I was willing to pay the usual terms. After a few moments’ suspense, during which time I pictured to myself



what an enchanting figure the magician, Merlin, would cut in Northamptonshire! Mr. Sharpe re-appeared.

“Well, Captain, I’ve made it all right; sooner than disappoint you, I’ve bought the horse for one hundred and thirty guineas—couldn’t get the shillings off, and you may have him at that figure; or take him for the month or season, and I’ll return you a hundred if you don’t like him.”

This offer sounded so fair, that I at once agreed to it, and gave a check upon Messrs. Greenwood and Cox, for one hundred and thirty-six pounds, ten shillings, for which I got a receipt, warranting the horse sound, and an agreement to take him back at any time on or before the first of April, at one hundred pounds.

My next step was to go to Whippy’s, to order saddle, bridle, and clothing, for young Merlin, and after engaging a steady man, to accompany my groom and two other horses to Northampton, I did not think “small beer” of

myself, as, at a quarter before seven, I joined my two friends in the coffee-room of the Piazza, and soon communicated to them the fact, that I was master of a hunter."

"Serve dinner," said I to the head-waiter.

"Going to the garden, to-night?" inquired the loquacious servitor. "Liston acts."

"Yes, we shall drop in, but shan't stay late, as we are off for Northampton in the morning; sharp work—we start at five, and the 'meet' is at eleven."

Our dinner concluded, we went to Covent Garden—then in its palmy days—and saw an excellent farce, in which Liston, Jones, Emery, Blanchard, Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Foote, performed. The 'starring' system had not then commenced, and, yet, what a galaxy of lights shone on that night!—Young, Charles Kemble, O'Neil, and those we have above enumerated.

As we left the Piazza, and felt the keenness of the night air, we all exclaimed, "It's freez-

ing!" Twice during the evening did I leave the theatre to ascertain the fact, and little encouragement did I get from the 'links'— 'the lights of other days now faded'—who one and all told me it was a hard frost.

We parted at night, after a stirrup-cup of 'Bishop,' agreeing to be ready the following morning by five o'clock, at which hour my friend's britchka-and-four was to be ready in Brook-street, to convey us to Northampton. After a restless night, in which Jack Frost haunted my slumbers, I started out of bed at three o'clock, hearing one of the *guardians* of the night crying "Past three o'clock, and a frosty morning," and found the water in my jug converted into a lump of ice. At four o'clock, a note reached me from my friends, advising me to doff my spurs, and put on my skates, as hunting was out of the question. I turned into bed again, and tried to sleep off my disappointment; but 'Nature's soft nurse' was an unkind to me as to the fourth Royal

Harry, and would not 'steep my senses in forgetfulness.'

The frost remained for a month, and my leave of absence having nearly expired, my hunter returned to London. No sooner had the far-famed Young Merlin undergone the inspection of the livery-stable-keeper, than he was pronounced to be incurably lame—an opinion strengthened by the report of a veterinary surgeon.

I therefore lost no time in addressing a line to Mr. Sharpe, begging him to make room in his stable for the brown horse, and to favour me with a cheque for one hundred pounds.

To this application I received a very impertinent answer, and I forthwith proceeded to my solicitor, who, being a conscientious man, and desirous of avoiding litigation with so disreputable a party, counselled me to put up with my loss; but I was like *Major Sturgeon* in the farce, 'resolute, and would not be swayed.' I instructed a country practitioner

to commence an action, which was in due course of time reported as follows :—

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

COURTENAY *v.* SHARPE.—This was an action for the breach of warranty of a horse, sold by the defendant to the plaintiff, to which the defendant pleaded—first, that he had never warranted the horse; and secondly, that the horse was sound at the time of sale. Mr. Sergeant Best, Mr. Giffard, and Mr. Baily, appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Sergeant Lens, Mr. Casberd, and Mr. Gunning, for the defendant. The plaintiff is a lieutenant in the army, and in November last purchased from the defendant, who is a horse-dealer, living in Bruton Mews, a brown gelding by Merlin, out of a Whalebone mare. No person was present at the actual ‘*deal*’ between the parties; but to prove the warranty, a receipt was produced, signed by the defendant, for a brown horse, warranted sound. Two or three wit-



nesses proved the handwriting of the defendant. According to the plaintiff's witnesses, two respectable veterinary surgeons, the animal was decidedly unsound at the period of the sale, had evidently been nerved, and the marks burnt out of his mouth, commonly called 'bishopping.' Mr. Sergeant Lens addressed the jury for the defendant in his usual eloquent style, commenting very bitterly upon the conduct of the plaintiff, for his attempt to damage the character of his client, and called James Davis, and William Trivett, the ostler, who deposed that the horse was sound in wind and limb, from the day he was foaled, up to the time of sale. The jury, without retiring, found a verdict for the plaintiff, for one hundred and thirty guineas."

The following morning I paid a visit to my man of law, and was not a little elated at the verdict; but my tone was soon changed on finding that 'Sharpe' had made himself a bankrupt; and that, although I had gained damages,

I was never likely to touch one farthing of them, and had, moreover to pay my solicitor's bill—some seventy pounds.

Reader! although this dearly-bought experience, has in the long run saved *me* much, beware how *you* play your cards in your first *deal*.

## CHAPTER IX.

‘Them as av seen coaches, afore rails come into fashion, av seen something worth remembering. Them was appy days for Old England, afore reforms and rails turned everything upside down, and men travelled as Nature intended they should, on turnpike roads, with coaches and smart active cattle, and not by machinery like bags of cotton and hardware. But coaches is done for ever, and a heavy blow it is. They was the pride of the country; there wasn’t anything like them, as I’ve heard gemmen say from fori’n parts, to be found nowhere, nor never will be agin.’—*From the M.S. of Jerry Drag, wot drove the Highflyer, Red Rover, and Markiss of Huntley.*

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Although I found myself very much out of pocket by my last transaction, I was not a little elated at having gained my law-suit; and,

thinking myself a match in future for any horse-dealer, I soon realized the truth of the saying, 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.'

It was in the following spring that, one night, at the mess of a crack cavalry regiment, quartered at Hounslow Barracks, the conversation turned upon teams and drags.

"We must get up a team for Epsom," said a young cornet.

"Agreed! agreed!" responded three or four voices, of which mine was one.

"A subaltern drag; the orderly officer to act as 'shooter'—that is, if we can get leave for the adjutant to take the belt in his absence."

I must here premise that, in the days I write of, the discipline was not quite so strict in cavalry regiments as it is now; and upon grand occasions—a hunt, a day's shooting, a race, a fight (*proh pudor!*), or any other manly British amusement—the commanding officer (a first-

rate sportsman, and excellent fellow himself) allowed the subaltern of the day to doff his belt, and entrust the guardianship of the barracks to the adjutant or riding-master, whose avocations kept them nearly the whole twenty-four hours within the walls.

“Let’s have a parade tomorrow morning—second chargers, light *driving* order,” exclaimed young Winstanley. “Jack Adams shall be commanding officer.”

“We’ll borrow the regimental van,” cried another; “and the moment after morning stables, let us start off for Brentford, where we shall fall in with that ‘swell dragsman.’”

In the meantime, some one went to the adjutant to get the loan of the van that was kept for the purpose of conveying the band to any party where their services were required, and Cornet Beverly trotted off to Hounslow to beg, borrow, hire, or buy a four-horse harness. We each sent to Crowther’s for a whip, and gave orders to our respective servants to have our driving-



coats, capes, and aprons prepared for the road.

The next morning, great was our surprise and dismay to find, when the orders came out, the following announcement :—

“ The subaltern officers will assemble in the riding-school at twelve o’clock, upon their second chargers.”

It did not require much penetration to find that something was wrong, and that the intended movement had come to the ears of the commanding officer ; and such afterwards proved to be the case, for when the jolly subs assembled, the gallant—aye, truly gallant officer (as his deeds at Waterloo proved him to be, when he was actually *spitted* to his saddle by the long sword of a French dragoon) said, with a knowing kind of a look impossible to be misinterpreted—

“ As I understand your second chargers want a little exercise, I have ordered a ride, which I shall continue daily, until they are completely broke in to *their* work.”

The young fellows looked aghast, went through the ride, and were commended for their attention and steadiness.

“ Well, gentlemen,” said the good-tempered riding-master, “ your horses are so well in hand, so admirably broken, and in such high condition, that I shall report the circumstance to the colonel, who, I trust, will see no necessity for troubling you to attend again. You are dismissed, gentlemen.”

A consultation was immediately held in one of the rooms, and it was unanimously agreed to give up the intended scheme of a second-charger team, four of us undertaking to buy an extra horse each for road work. I, forming one of the quartette, immediately consented to proceed to London the following morning for that purpose.

Being pressed to prolong my visit, I had hinted to the commanding officer, that ‘the private business’ which took me to town was to purchase a horse for a proposed team ; and,

as the colonel drank a glass of wine with me at dinner, he good-humouredly alluded to the circumstance, recommending economy, which he declared ought to be the very life and soul of the army, and was evidently pleased that his officers had taken the hint he had so delicately thrown out.

At half-past nine the following morning, Jack Adam's Windsor coach drove up to the George Inn, at Hounslow, and I took my seat upon the box, by the side of the truly worthy 'knight of the whip,' and from him I received my first lesson in driving, much to the discomfiture of an elderly gentleman, whose nerves were as deeply affected as those of Lord Ogilby's, and an antiquated 'tabby,' who, with a tame cat, two canaries, and a squirrel, occupied the front seat.

Before I quit the 'box,' I must make a slight digression in favour of coaching, now extinct. To begin at the beginning, let me remind my readers that coaches were intro-

duced into England by Fitzallan, Earl of Arundel, A.D. 1580, before which time Queen Elizabeth rode behind her chamberlain; and she, in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance as a carriage. They were at first only drawn by two horses; 'but,' says the same author, 'the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea.'

It was Buckingham, the favourite, who (about 1619) began to have a team of six horses, which, as another historian writes, 'was wondered at, as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride.' Before that period, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single on their palfreys, or double behind some person on a pillion.

In France, coaches were first used at the court by Catherine de Medicis. The presidents and councillors went to court on mules, horses being only allowed to knights and military characters. Carriages were not, in those

days, suspended from springs; and the ladies preferred walking to being jolted in such fatiguing vehicles. They were made with large leathern doors, which let down, and had nothing but curtains to them.

It has been remarked, that if there had been glasses to the carriage of Henri Quatre, the monarch might have escaped assassination. That same monarch, "*Le bon Henri*," as he was justly called, once wrote to Sully, who was in a bad state of health—"I had settled upon going to see you; but I was unable, because my wife took my coach."

Bassompierre, under the reign of Louis XIII., was the first who introduced glasses. During the minority of Louis XIV., all the gentlemen of the court, who were not prevented by bodily infirmity, rode on horseback. The number of coaches in Paris in 1658 did not exceed three hundred; at the present day, more than that number may be hourly seen in the *Champs Elysées*, or any other fashionable drive.



When Byron wrote about the age of miracles he lived in, the principal inventions of which were gas and galvanism, the noble bard little thought that a few short years would throw the wonder-mongers of *his* day into perfect insignificance.

Had any man made a wager, thirty years ago, that he would go from London to Bristol in two hours, he would assuredly have been treated as a maniac by his friends, and a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* would have inevitably been issued by his friends against him; and if any far-seeing philosopher had predicted to the grandfather of the present Earl of Derby, that the day would come when the celebrated races which bear the name of his title and residence would be visited by thousands, through the instrumentality of "*hot water*," his lordship would have set the man of science down as a *vapouring* fool.

When the Derby and Oaks were first established, the use of steam was probably limited

to the cooking of potatoes; no one ever dreamed of it becoming a substitute for horse-flesh. But stranger things than ever were thought of in Hamlet's philosophy come to pass now-a-days, and the rail has completely triumphed over the road.

Take the Derby day of 1855 :—Instead of mounting the box of a neat four-horse “drag,” or sitting comfortably inside a chariot, barouche, or britschka, with four of Newman's best, the noble or ignoble sportsman is whirled through cabbage gardens, asparagus beds, gooseberry plantations, and the thousand patches of esculent vegetables that surround London on all sides; before he has time to note the difference, green meadows dance before his sight, sallow hay-ricks seem suddenly endowed with animation, and the furrows in the corn-fields assume a rotary motion, like the spokes of a carriage wheel circling round the nave. He hears a sudden rumbling noise, and finds himself in a tunnel dark as the dungeons of

the Inquisition. When that sound dies away, a rattling one ensues—he is passing a viaduct suspended high in the air; now he shoots the arch of a bridge, on which crowds of people are gathered, inhaling as much dense smoke as any manufactory chimney in the iron foundry districts is wont to emit.

There is no life, high or low, to be seen; no good-humoured sallies of wit; no breaks down; no emulation respecting the powers of the trotting hack, or spanking four horses: instead of the fun of the road, with every species of equestrian, pedestrian, and every style of vehicle, from the Whitechapel cart to the aristocratic “drag,” the unfortunate *railer* sees nothing but a monotonous embankment, a gaunt policeman, a dingy-looking guard, a shrivelled stoker, or a dust-coloured workman.

One brief extract from the report of a meeting held at Shrewsbury, when ‘coaching’ was on the wane, must conclude our remarks. At a dinner given by the fraternity of the whip,

and the guards, to the Honourable Mr. Kenyon, that gentleman, in proposing the health of Mr. Isaac Taylor, coach proprietor, made the following interesting statement:—

“As a coach proprietor, Mr. Taylor was one of the most spirited in England; he had, at one time, two of the very best that ever ran—‘The Hironnelle’ and ‘Wonder.’ On the 1st of May, the former accomplished its journey of one hundred and twenty miles in eight hours and twenty minutes—a speed almost unparalleled. He (Mr. Kenyon) was in Shrewsbury upon the occasion, and saw a team of greys enter the town, which had done their nine miles in thirty-five minutes.

“He recollected that there were two ladies inside the coach, who were informed, that, as that day was appointed for a trial of strength, they might, if they were frightened at the speed, choose any other conveyance they pleased, and would be forwarded on their journey immediately. But their answer showed

good blood ; they said they were not aware that they had come at the great pace they had, and that they preferred going fast.

“ With regard to the ‘ Wonder,’ he himself left the Lion-yard, Shrewsbury, one morning at six o’clock, and was at Islington the same evening at seven o’clock—being only thirteen hours on the road. On that occasion, he was driven by four of the very best ‘ whips’ on the road.

“ Another instance of the reputation the ‘ Wonder’ had acquired, was given him by his friend Sir Henry Peyton, who had informed him that he had frequently seen persons at St. Alban’s regulating their watches by that coach, as it came into that town. This was the only instance he had ever heard, of a coach regulating the time.”

In the above sentiments we fully concur ; and, before we quit the subject of the ‘ rail’ and the ‘ road,’ cannot refrain from giving our personal impressions of a journey lately taken



to Brighton, and which made us wish that the good old days of coaching were still in existence ; for, what with delays in getting to the station, owing to the traffic in the streets—losing one's carpet-bag, being detained an hour at the terminus to recover it, and then landing in a remote part of Brighton, we gained little in time or temper.

After a stoppage of five-and-twenty minutes in Piccadilly, we at last got clear, and proceeded to the universal coach-office, Regent Circus. There, instead of finding, as one was wont to do in by-gone times, the 'Nimrod,' or some other neat four-horse drag, I hailed a crazy-looking lumbering omnibus, which, for the small consideration of one shilling, took me to the railway station.

No sooner had I secured my seat, with (like an old stager) my back to the horses—the engine, I mean—than I fell into a profound reverie upon the road and rail, trams and teams, iron rails and iron greys, smoke and

smoking steeds. Just as a vision of Jack Peers flitted by me, neatly handling the ribands and giving his 'tits'—three chesnuts and a grey—a *spirt* over the heath, up starts a guard, dressed in a blue coat with a flaming brickdust-coloured red collar, gives a shrill whistle, and away *spirts* the 'Fire-fly' engine at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour—leaving the passengers to imagine themselves, from the noise of the rail, the smell of the oil, the odour of the sulphur, and the wild 'cat-calling,' at the last scene of some terrific equestrian, military, supernatural melodramatic performance at Astley's.

One great drawback to pleasure in railroad travelling, is the absence of all incident and anecdote ; except indeed, perhaps, the exciting one of finding the carriage on fire, the boiler burst, the train off the line, or running into an excursion one.

Who that remembers the box-seat with St. Vincent Cotton, Stevenson, Charles Jones,

Apperley, the Walkers, Peers, Snow, Jack Adams, W. Moody, Bramble, Faulkner, *cum multis aliis* of noble and gentle blood, can forget the jest, the repartee, the story, the laugh, that went round to beguile the fleeting hours.

Then, as we drove through the towns, villages, and hamlets, the 'shooter's' merry-keyed bugle attracting hundreds of bright eyes to get a sly peep at the passengers ; then the momentary stop for changing horses, during which a glass of ale was quaffed and a cigar lit; then the stand-up lunch at the bar of some clean rural way-side house, with a blooming Hebe at the bar, dispensing draughts of nectar, in the shape of 'home-brewed malt,' 'cold without,' 'hot with,' 'purl,' 'bitters,' 'hollands,' or the more refined beverages of 'sherry and soda,' 'negus,' 'perry,' or 'cider.'

Compare this with the somewhat *ironical* notice posted on the railway carriages — 'No *smoking* allowed ;' or to the refreshments that await you at the respective station houses,

where you see some venerable apple-woman, or a clod of a boy, presiding over a small canvass stall, in which are ostentatiously displayed oranges of a colour termed by the canary fanciers 'mealy,' acrid damsons, unripe apples, tasteless pears, greasy tartlets, indigestible gingerbread, stale Bath buns, rancid Banbury cakes, frothy imperial pop, tepid lemonade, sticky bull's-eyes, rank peppermint drops, flavourless carraway comfits, the bitterest of almonds, saccharine lollypops, nauseous stick-liquorice, burnt baked apples, and clammy barley-sugar.

The very last time I travelled by rail, a thirsty farmer, who by his appearance, looked as if he had been 'irrigating' his own clay, and 'draining' many a glass of strong ale, called for a bottle of soda water (as a stoker remarked in an engineering metaphor, 'just to cool his coppers') and tendered half-a-crown to the antiquated hag who superintended the fixed air and water department.

“Here, Jem,” she cried, to a young imp, who was shouting —“The Times, 'Erald, H'era, H'observer;”—“change for half-a-crown?”

“Ees, gran'-mother,” responded the urchin, fumbling in his leather apron for two shillings and sixpence; but like the hero of one of poor Haynes Bayley's pathetic ballads, ‘they found no *change* in him.’”

In the mean time, ‘whiz’ went the cork, nearly to the detriment of one of the optics of the old lady; and before the fiery-looking cultivator of the soil could get the mug to his mouth, the shrill whistle was heard, and away we went like ‘meteors through the sky.’

“Stop! stop!” cried the thirsty soul, unable to bring the effervescent draught to his parched lips.

“My mug!” shouted the harridan.

“Here's your change,” shrieked the lad.

“I'm danged if that a'nt free-trade with a vengeance; they've got my half-crown,”



growled the farmer, emptying the contents of the mug into his neighbour's lap, and dashing the crockery against the brickwork of a tunnel we had entered.

Upon my arrival in town, I proceeded without delay to the stables of the principal horse-dealers, but could find nothing that would suit. Upon going into Limmer's, to get some luncheon, my attention was attracted to the following advertisement in the *Times*:—

‘TO BE SOLD, the property of a gentleman deceased, a dark-brown horse, six years old, quiet in harness, undeniable action, and well worthy the attention of any gentleman requiring a superior phaeton horse. Lowest price, sixty guineas. May be seen, and a trial granted, by application at the stables, No. 17, Hart-street, Covent Garden.’

“Just the thing!” I exclaimed. “If I can get him for fifty pounds, he will exactly suit me.”

Off I started to Hart-street, and, upon ringing the bell, was ushered into a somewhat dark

stable, by a very respectably-dressed groom, in deep sables.

“ Ah ! that I should ever live to see the day,” sobbed this dolorous specimen of humanity, “ that poor Lightfoot should be sold— oh ! oh !! oh !!! ”

After indulging in all the luxuries of woe, the groom recovered himself sufficiently to inform me that Lightfoot’s master was dead, and that the relatives were ‘obligated’ to part with the faithful, trusty animal, who had been the old gentleman’s comfort to his latest hour.

“ But, take and try him yourself, sir,” again blubbered the mourner; “ pray take care of the poor dumb beast.”

In the meantime, a saddle was placed on the back of Lightfoot, and I was again urged to ride him for half an hour, and then try him in single and double harness. I had my foot in the stirrup, and was tendering the lachrymose groom my assurance that I would take every care of his departed master’s favourite steed,

when he again burst forth into a lamentation that would have softened the heart of a rhinoceros, ending it, however, by a remark that proved, even in the depth of his grief, he never quite forgot the main chance.

“You look the gentleman, Sir, and are quite the gentleman, I’m sure,” said he; “but poor master’s ‘exekitors’ gave me strict orders never to let Lightfoot go out of my sight without a deposit—there is *sitch* a set of swindlers abroad.”

I commended his prudence, and, going into an hotel in the neighbourhood, called for pen, ink, and paper, and shortly returned with a cheque for five-and-twenty pounds, payable at my agent’s.

The man was all gratitude for my “gentlemanly conduct,” as he termed it, saying that he had seen in the twinkling of an eye that I was one of the right sort, and was so like his departed master in my manner of doing business. After delivering himself of this oration, I wished him

good afternoon, promising to return in less than an hour and a half.

I straightway proceeded to Osborne's, to try Lightfoot in harness ; but, once in the traces, no power on earth could get him to move. He kicked and plunged until my patience was quite exhausted.

I returned without loss of time ; rang the bell ; no reply. After waiting for nearly an hour, a sharp, intelligent waiter of the Piazza coffee-house happened to pass.

"Oh, John," I cried, "do make the groom hear—I've nearly pulled the bell down."

"What! you ain't been done, captain? Why, it's Yorkshire Ned, the great horse-chauter. I thought as much. I saw him running like a madman down Craig's-court."

I thought of my check, which I was about to send to stop. John continued—

"The second flat—I mean gentleman—he has taken in within a fortnight. But what was your deposit, captain?"

“Twenty-five pounds.”

“That’s a trifle; he did the last, ’Squire Moreland, out of fifty.”

Ashamed of my deal—I, that was tolerably cute, to be done even by a horse-dealer, was too much. I dreaded the world’s laugh, so skulked off to Aldridge’s, leaving my new purchase there, to be sold for whatever he would fetch. The result was, that after deducting keep and auction expenses, I only realized nine pounds. But this was not all—for an event occurred a week afterwards, which, being publicly known, made me the laughing-stock of the town: the purchaser of Lightfoot was no other than the *chaunter* himself.

It was necessary for his business to have a fine showy horse, who, albeit vicious in harness and unsound in wind and limb, appeared to be quite the reverse. It immediately occurred to the acute Yorkshireman that he could not do better than repossess himself of the animal at a low figure, and having ‘crab



bed ' *id est*, prejudiced the buyers, Lightfoot was knocked down to him for eleven guineas. In less than a fortnight, his unconscious owner was tried and convicted of swindling.

To return to my own adventures. Anxious to have the assistance of a friend, Villars by name, who was looked upon as a good judge of horseflesh, I wrote to him, begging he would lose no time in coming up to town; but, unfortunately, he was detained by being a member of a court-martial. I was therefore left to my own resources, and hearing that a celebrated dealer, then residing in Tottenham-court-road, had a good stable of horses, I wended my way to Mr. Grierson's—as I have taken the liberty of naming the loquacious job-master.

“ Ah, Sir,” said he, “ I know what you require—a broad-backed, full-shouldered, thick-withered, wide-breasted horse; short-jointed legs, straight, strong, and well proportioned. Sam, trot out the chestnut horse, the ‘ Wonder

of Wonders,' as I call him—trots fourteen miles an hour, with pleasure to himself and satisfaction to his driver. See what a picture he is! handsome as a peacock; all the points a good horse ought to have—countenance cheerful and sprightly, free from heaviness and gloom; ears thin, small, and evenly set; face lean, and free from flesh; forehead broad, and a star denoting beauty and courage; eyes black, shining, and not too large; nostrils small; chest broad, prominent, and muscular; thighs fleshy and sinewy; knees close-knit, and evenly proportioned; pasterns strong, straight, and 'rayther' short; hoofs beautifully formed, smooth, tough, a little long, deep at the heel; frogs large, spreading, open, and sound; neck small; shoulders well backward, coming round with a good sweep, and rising well up to the withers; tail high, flat, and bending a little inward. There, Sam, walk him gently. A little rough in his coat, Sir; only just up from the straw yard."

Little did I then know the evil of the straw yard—this favourite and ungrateful resource, so prevalent among dealers, after the horse has done his work nobly. The nature of straw for long continuance ; its entire want of *heart* is uncongenial to the stomach ; besides which, it makes poor blood by itself, and is little bettered by the coarse hay usually served out in farmers' yards, for horned cattle and working teams. This evil, however, might be (although it seldom is) remedied by a couple of feeds of corn *per diem*. After such meagre *keep*, the famished animal is taken up by the sapient owner, and immediately put upon full diet. The mischief is then complete ; the horse usually comes up with blear eyes, a hectic cough, thin flanks, and thick heels ; all which unfavourable symptoms increase upon his being thrown at once upon a full allowance of hay and corn ; the heat of the stable contributing its aid in confirming either complaint, if it does not add thereto *farcy* humours, or else

running nose, which may probably degenerate into glanders. But to the 'Wonder of Wonders.'

After some deliberation, I consented to give fifty-five guineas for him; and, receiving a warranty that he was sound and quiet in harness, I desired that he might forthwith be sent to Hounslow barracks.

A fortnight passed, and my new purchase improved daily in condition. Epsom week arrived, and he was put into the team, near wheeler; fortunately he proved steady, for the remaining three consisted of a blind one, a bolter, and a kicker. We left the barracks in high style, only *slightly* grazing the gate. All went well for some miles, when, in a second, the "Wonder of Wonders" became dead-lame.

"A stone in his foot," said one.

"He wants the chiropodist," cried another.

"He cuts," added a third.

We pulled up, and sending for a blacksmith, had his shoe removed; but nothing would do,

he was a cripple, and to proceed to Epsom with him would be impossible. We therefore despatched a groom to Richmond, to hire a horse, who returned in about an hour, with two; the postmaster insisting that on Derby day he could not break up his pair, and for which he modestly asked eight guineas. We had no alternative left, but to put the Richmond horses in at wheel, taking out the kicker, which for fear of another untoward accident, we made the groom ride after us; and, giving the blacksmith half-a-sovereign to take the wonderful horse back to his stables in Tottenham-court-road, proceeded on our journey.

A few days afterwards, I went up to London, and vented my rage upon the talkative dealer.

“It’s nothing,” he replied. “Leave the horse with me, Captain; a little stiffness in the coffin-joint; I’ll put him to rights in a short time, and no mistake. Fleming, my *vet*, will soon make the ‘Wonder of Wonders’



sound ; he's a first-rate hand. Sorry you've been put to inconvenience. I've such a charger, Captain—quite a picture ; will you see him out ?”

Being pressed for time, I declined the offer, and took my departure. Had I seen Mr. Fleming's report, I should have put up with my first loss, and saved myself the horse*leech's* bill. The opinion ran as follows :—

“ The stricture, occasioned by a deep crust, and narrow form of the foot, with hard riding and much ill-usage, has produced ossification of the cartilages of the joint of the foot, termed the coffin-joint, whence stiffness of the part has ensued. This may be considered a spurious ankylosis, and may by care and attention be cured.

“ JAMES FLEMING, Vet. Surgeon.”

Another report from one of the veterinarian faculty was more laconic, and showed that doctors disagree in the quadrupedical, as well

as human species. "Genuine ankylosis, or stiff joint; incurable." The result of this transaction may easily be anticipated. The dealer patched up the "Wonder of Wonders," charging me fourteen pounds for keep and veterinary treatment. I shortly afterwards sent the "screw" to Tattersall's, where he fetched seventeen guineas.

My balance-sheet stood as follows :—

DEBTOR.		CREDITOR.	
To deposit paid to Yorkshire Ned for Lightfoot ...	£25 0	By cash (after deducting auc- tion expenses) received for Lightfoot .....	£9 0
To cash paid for the Wonder of Wonders .....	57 15	By cash (after de- ducting auction expenses) re- ceived for the Wonder of Wonders .....	15 15
To do. paid Mr. Grierson, for keep and veteri- nary treatment.	14 0		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£96 15		£24 15
Deduct...	24 15		
	<hr/>		
	£72 0		

By my first deal, I lost upwards of a hundred and fifty guineas ; by my second, seventy-

two     A fact which goes to prove that the latter, albeit not a good one, was a *deal* the best of the two.

## CHAPTER IX.

‘The life, generally, of an Irish gentleman was passed in a whirlwind of wild excitement. In drunkenness the night was consumed, and not unfrequently that season was found too short, and the symposium extended over days afterwards. No constitution could withstand the prevailing debauchery then in fashion ; nor any estate bear up against the eternal outlay required for racing and electioneering expenses.’

## ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

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AT the expiration of one month’s leave of absence, I was ordered to join my regiment. The detachment to which I belonged was quartered at the small town of Inistioge, in the county of Kilkenny ; and no sooner had

my arrival been made known, than I was visited by all the gentry in the neighbourhood.

Among those who paid me marked attention, was a gentleman bearing the patriotic names of Patrick Grattan Curran O'Crohon, and who at once wrote to me to say, that having enjoyed a personal acquaintance with my father, to whom he was under great obligations, he trusted that I would make Mahala Castle my home during my residence in the country. In reply to this hospitable invitation, I could do no less than at once return a most graceful letter of acknowledgement, of which I was myself the bearer.

After a most delightful drive through the picturesque domain of Woodstock, which, through the kindness of the public-spirited owner, was ever open to strangers, whether civil or military, I approached a modern castellated building, occupying a considerable space of ground; a green flag, bearing the



arms of the patron saint of Ireland, floated from one of the towers, and indicated, as the car-driver, Phelim O'Shea, informed me, that his honour was at home.

From this worthy authority I ascertained some particulars as to the character of the family to whom I was about to pay my respects.

“Arragh ! your honour, its aisy to see you must be a stranger in these parts,” said Phelim, “if you don’t know the masther. Isn’t it himself that spends oceans of money, and keeps open house for all the gentry, besides the poor of this and every surrounding parish ? Niver was there such eating and dhrinking in this world !”

O'Shea seemed to get quite warm on the subject, for he proceeded :—

“O’Crohon is a real gintleman from top to toe ; one of the dacentest men in Great Britain, and his wife the same ! Manys the tinpinny, aye, and piece of gould that he’s given

away. And the misthis is a fine *flough hou-  
ragh*\* housekeeper, too; no *bocough*† ever  
goes away from the door without plenty of  
food and raiment to line him within and  
without.

“No wonder the family are so popular,” I  
responded.

“Popular! you may say that,” continued  
my conductor, “and tell me no lie neather.  
Then, there’s the masther’s two daughters,  
Mary and Kathleen, commonly called Kate,  
the greatest<sup>d</sup> darlings and finest beauties in  
ould Ireland. The rose of Mahala and Kil-  
kenny Kate, are the standin’ toasts within a  
hunder’ miles of the castle. Faix, aye! sure  
enough you see the Squire’s character in the  
motto on the flag.”

As we had now neared the hospitable resi-  
dence, I traced the words of the greeting—  
the warm, the hearty Irish greeting—‘*Cead  
mille failthe*’ (a thousand welcomes), worked in

\* Profuse.

† Beggar.

large orange letters on the flaunting green banner.

As the stronghold of the O'Crohons stood on an eminence, I descended from the car, with the threefold intention of saving 'Pot-sheen,' so the steed was called, of giving the owner a 'sup o' dhrink,' as Phelim termed it, and of getting a better view of the domain, which O'Shea had described as the most 'iligant one in the whole county.'

"How is yourself an' all at home?" inquired my guide, of a bustling, good-humoured looking young woman, dressed in a short red petticoat, grey stockings, strong brogues (I allude not to her vernacular tongue, but to her shoes), a blue cloak, with a large broad brimmed straw hat, fastened by a ribbon under the chin, who stood at the door of a small public, or, strictly speaking, sheebeen house.

"Throth, I'm middlin'," responded the hostess; her sparkling eye beaming with an expression of fun and good nature.

“And how’s the farilthee?”\*

“Sure, he’s purty well, barrin’ he’s occasionally troubled wid a loss of appetite afther his meals.” At this jocosity, Biddy Meegan burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was checked by my asking her if she could recommend the malt liquor which was ostentatiously chalked on the boards as Guinness’s best.

It’s little I care for ale or beer, Captain,” chimed in Phelim, “barrin’ in regard of mere drouth; I prefer a toothful of the raal cra-thur.”

“Musha! the dickens be an you, O’Shea, but you’re your father’s own son, any way,” responded Mrs. Meegan, as she retired to provide a glass of as fine mountain dew as ever escaped the eye of an exciseman.

“Augh! augh! my darling,” exclaimed Phelim, gulping down the ‘dhram’ of iska-behagh (usquebagh), “fait, that’s the stuff to

\* Man of the house.

take the cold out of one's stomach. What well do you draw that from? 'twould be mighty convenient to live near it during the cold weather."

To resume. The building itself was of a most mixed architectural character, uniting every order, from the Norman strongholds down to the fanciful Elizabethan of more modern days. The walls were in many places stained with green damp, and the roof was overgrown with weeds; the windows appeared as if the 'goorsoons' of the neighbouring village had been extremely vitrifractious, as the late Sir Charles Wetherell was wont, during the excitement of the Reform Bill, to term the pane smashers.

A moat of stagnant water, verdant with vegetable matter, emitted a most offensive exhalation, upon the bosom of which some ducks were floating in a state of blissful ignorance, perfectly unconscious that upon the arrival of any visitor, the honour of one or two of "their



company at dinner" would be requested to meet the new comer.

Sundry long-legged, half-starved pigs were wallowing in the foetid mud, near the banks of this ditch ; and a dog, of the genus turnspit, was worrying the swinish herd. Upon noticing my arrival, he immediately turned his attack against me, and was about to make an attempt for a meal off my left leg, when a stone from the powerful arm of O'Shea sent him away howling and yelping.

I had now reached the huge portal, and was looking for the bell, the handle of which was 'absent without leave,' when the driver exclaimed—

"Ogh, murdher ! murdher ! you wouldn't approach the castle on foot ? step into the kyar, and do the thing dacently. Bad luck to Larry and all his breed — the blackguard. May he have six eggs to himself, and half-a-dozen of them rotten, for not having minded the bell."

Anxious to pay every respect to this fine specimen of the 'Milesian gentleman,' I again took my seat in the car, or kyar, as Phelim pronounced it, and drove up to the huge gateway. After a few knocks at the door with the butt-end of the driver's whip, a youth, decked out in a gaudy livery, with his hair somewhat dishevelled, and his cuffs turned up, made his appearance, and informed me that the family were at home.

The interior was in a much less dilapidated state than the exterior; the hall, into which I was shown, being tolerably well furnished, and decorated with emblems of war and the chase: ancient hauberts, helmets, pikes, and matchlocks, were mingled with crossbows, muskets, swords, and rifles; while here and there a deer's head and antlers, an assortment of stuffed birds, were intermixed with nets, spears, fishing-rods, and fowling-pieces. In a glass case, a small silver-mounted sword, and a pair of duelling pistols, which had arranged

all the family feuds for the last hundred years, were deposited ; four notches, scored on the handle, showed the number of times they had been employed effectively.

The ringing of bells, the slamming of doors, the high notes of a female voice, calling upon Mrs. Dunshaughlin to tell the young ladies they were wanted ; the stentorian voice of one of the lords of the creation, ordering the luncheon to be removed—the cold beef and a bottle of Sneyd's claret to replace it ; the clattering of plates, and the jingling of glasses—all showed that my arrival had created a great sensation.

After a few seconds, the footboy returned—his hair brushed, and the scarlet cuffs down—and (with what those who indulge in different hues of veracity term a white lie) informed me that the Squire was in the stable, and the ladies in the garden, but that, if I would walk into the library, they would soon join me.

Following my guide, I entered the apart-

ment, which, although dignified with that fine-sounding appellation, had not the slightest claim to a literary reputation ; for the shelves were nearly volumeless, and were filled with hat-boxes, pipes, liqueur-cases, shillelaghs, dog-collars, hunting and riding-whips. The only articles appertaining to study, were a pair of mutilated globes, a map of Ireland, a Racing Calendar, Stud Book, and Burn's Justice.

I was now ushered into the drawing-room ; a nice cheerful apartment, opening upon a tolerably well-stocked garden, where I found the whole family assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Crohon rose to receive me ; the former, with the most cordial shake of the hand, welcomed me to Mahala ; while the latter expressed her delight at the gratification she felt at being introduced to the scion of so worthy a sire. I bowed and stammered out my acknowledgments, and was led forth to be presented to the daughters of the house.

The elder—a fair girl, whose clear, transparent skin, brilliant teeth, dimpled cheek, slight and delicate form, gave one the idea of a sylph or forest fay—was employing herself with fixing some artificial butterflies to a piece of silk gauze; while the younger, with the harp of her country in her finely formed arms, replaced the instrument in its case as I entered.

Never was there a stronger contrast than between the two sisters; one seemed to have owed her existence to the northern states, while the other appeared to belong to the clime of the sun.

Kate O'Crohon was tall and well-formed; her eyes were deep, large, and full, with lashes dark as the raven's wing; her long, glossy hair, which was black as jet, hung in wild profusion over her shoulders; her throat was of dazzling whiteness, and her teeth were pure as any pearl; but what charmed me most, was, that with a finely-chiselled, classical face, and



the utmost regularity of features, was combined an expression of sensibility and feeling, that lent an angelic air calculated to fascinate.

The Queen of love and beauty, amidst the courtly knights and high-born dames of Eglington's famed tournament—the fairest flower in Yester's bower, as she appeared at the altar, to plight her faith with the son of England's Cæsar, may give the reader some faint idea of the loveliness of this highly-favoured daughter of Erin ; and even if in the enthusiasm of an early passion I have magnified her charms fifty-fold, the least resemblance to those I have alluded to, would stamp Kate O'Crohon far above the ordinary standard of beauty.

After the first greetings were over, the host conducted me into the dining-room ; a large oak-panelled apartment, upon the walls of which were hung some sporting subjects, after Schneider, and which showed the practical-joke propensities of some of the guests, as the bodies of the animals were perforated with bullets.

I know not what "Uncle Oliver"—Sheridan's "Uncle Noll"—would have said if he had seen the way in which a near relation of the family was mutilated by leaden messengers. A huge sideboard, a faded and wine-stained carpet, a mahogany table, a smaller one, horse-shoe-shape, for winter nights and blazing fire ; a dozen or two substantial, although rather the worse for wear, chairs, formed the furniture of this banqueting hall, the scene of so much mirth, revelry, and festivity.

The squire was a remarkably handsome man ; the perfection of face, form, and symmetry. His cheeks ruddy with health, his eyes sparkling with fire, his dark, curling hair and whiskers growing luxuriantly, gave him the idea of being younger than he really was ; and none but a close observer, who could perceive that unmistakeable look under the eyes, and a bald space on his pericranium, would have pronounced him to have entered, as he really had, his fifty-second year.

To those who are aware of the hospitality of the Emeralders, I need not say that Sneyd's claret was, as my host termed it, 'leaking from the top of the bottle' at every moment; and as the bright liquid decreased, so did the Squire's spirits rise. He told me how my father, himself, and four more congenial souls, had dined twice with a man upon one invitation. The process was as follows:—

They sat down at half-past six on a Monday, and, as was the custom, the key of the room having been thrown out of window, the Bacchanalian orgies were kept up till the following morning; as the frost prevented hunting, and the covers had not recovered a recent beating; more logs of wood and peat were put on the fire, and a fresh supply of claret was tapped. Towards mid-day an adjournment was proposed by the Brotherton of the party, when an amendment was moved that 'the speaker should not leave the chair;' this was carried by a large majority, and a further vote for supplies was granted.

To get rid of all parliamentary metaphor, the party, with the exception of an absence of one hour for the toilet, again sat down to dinner on the Tuesday, and did not separate until the small hours on Wednesday morning. If any water drinker or teetotaler of the present day presumes to doubt the accuracy of this statement, I will not borrow one of O'Crohon's 'drilling machines' or 'crimping-irons' to make him eat his words, but will simply refer him to a most justly distinguished general officer now alive, whose deeds in Spain, at Waterloo, and in the Celestial empire, have ranked him amidst the bravest of the brave.\*

My host then proceeded to relate the catastrophe that had befallen the ancient Castle, which had been erected in the time of Henry II., *anno Domini* 1172, and had been entirely destroyed by fire towards the end of the last century.

\* Alas ! since the above was written, the gallant Saltoun has been carried to the grave of his ancestors.

“It was on a ‘glorious and immortal memory occasion,’” said the Squire, with the richest brogue imaginable; “there was Counsellor Maghera, Serjeant Killynaule, young Balleygauley, a broth of a boy, Surgeon Macroom, Squire Cloghnakilty, Rathcormac and O’Hara, of the Connaught Rangers, and myself.

“After dhrinking as much claret as would have filled the ould moat, Ballygawley, bad luck to him, proposed a dhrop of whiskey punch, and some how or other we did not take the trouble of mixing the Innishowen with the insipid element; the result was that the Counsellor got so muddle-headed and confused, that he neglected to put out his bed-room candle, and before morning dawned found himself guilty of arson. The whole of the building, with the exception of the kitchen and offices, was burnt to the ground; so we lost no time in empanelling a jury of those present on the



previous evening, to try the prisoner by a special commission.

“After a fair and impartial hearing, a verdict of guilty was passed with a strong recommendation to mercy, on the plea that the accused was labouring under a temporary aberration of mind.

“The sentence was accordingly commuted to solitary confinement in the cellar, within the reach, but without the taste, of any of its vinous or spirituous contents, for one hour before dinner; during which he was to undergo ‘hard labour,’ by doing the butler’s duty under surveillance, to be fined a glass of salt water, and to give ample securities never again to go to bed with a lighted candle in the room.

“The prisoner pleaded most eloquently and successfully for a remission of the saline portion of the sentence, and promised implicit obedience to the latter stipulation, being determined, as he said, ‘never again to go to bed before sunrise.’ ”

During the rest of the meal, the Squire informed me that the kitchen and offices which had escaped the flames, were easily converted into rooms for himself and his friends, as he was then a single man, and that the servants were quartered in the neighbouring cottages. The new building had been executed by contract; upon its completion O'Crohon took to himself a wife, and had since, as he assured me, 'turned over a new leaf.'

Our *tête-à-tête* was now interrupted by the entrance of his eldest daughter, looking the picture of good health, and merry as a light heart and exuberant spirits could make her. Mary O'Crohon was a joyous creature; so brimful of mirth, that every one that came into her presence caught the infection.

"We shall be dreadfully jealous, Papa," said the fair girl, "if you engross Mr. Courtenay's whole attention; we wish to show him the garden and plantation."

"Of course, you'll remain here to-night,"

proceeded the host. “I’ve a trifle of business with Mrs. Dunshaughlin,” who, I afterwards ascertained, was cook and housekeeper; “and during your stay in these parts, the east turret room will be at your entire service; it opens on the battery that leads to the walk by the drawbridge and portcullis; so you can make your escape at any hour of the morning, without awaking the house.”

From this high sounding description of the castle, the reader may be led to suppose that, as the shipbuilders say, ‘it had been built on the old lines;’ whereas the Cubitt of that day had evidently ‘studied’ an order of architecture confined principally to stage scenery, or suburban cockney villas.

During the father’s absence, the daughter rattled away in the most natural manner; she told me of the Kilkenny balls and private theatricals; she mentioned the different regiments that had been quartered in the neighbourhood for the last five years; she talked of

Robson of the —th, of Fellows of the Artillery, of Fitzpatrick of the —th Light Dragoons, enumerated the list of her partners at the last county ball, and, in a few seconds, made me feel as much ‘at home’ with her, as if my acquaintance had extended over years.

“Have you any orders for O’Shea?” inquired O’Crohon, as he joined us. “Phelim is quite a genius in his way; and, paradoxical as it may appear, Potsheen has been the ruin as well as the making of him.”

With this jocular allusion to the name of the steed which the Squire had presented to the carman, and the distilled liquid with which, upon every occasion, he presented *himself* I quitted the room to give instructions to my guide. After a tolerably successful bargain for the hire of the ‘jaunty car’ during my stay in the county, I impressed upon Phelim the necessity of sobriety and punctuality; and, with a promise of obedience to both, he took his leave, assuring me “that as

the clock struck eleven he would have the baste ready to conduct me back to my quarters."

I now joined the party in the garden, anxiously hoping that I should be equally fortunate in 'drawing out' Kathleen, as I had been with her sister.

After a few turns, I tried to attract the attention of the lovely girl, who, in a simple dress and most becoming straw bonnet, looked more bewitching than ever; but there was an air of restraint in her manner which so completely "took me aback," that I could scarcely utter what was uppermost in my thoughts. Leaning upon hope, that staff, not alone of lovers, but of all mankind, I trusted that I might touch some chord to which the reserved beauty might respond.

I discoursed upon music, raved about Moore's unrivalled melodies, and expressed a wish that I might listen to my favourite one, accompanied by her upon her native harp.



Kate's countenance seemed to lighten up a little at my enthusiasm, and, if I may be allowed to make use of an Irishism, I should say she spoke most eloquently when she was most silent.

The hours before dinner passed agreeably away, when a deep-sounding gong reminded the party that it was time to dress. I pleaded my excuses at not having it in my power to change my attire, and was shown to my room to undergo the usual lavatory process, when great was my surprise to find everything laid out for my toilet.

Before I had recovered from my astonishment, a knock was heard at the door, and, upon desiring the person to come in, O'Shea made his appearance. Upon asking for an elucidation of the mystery, Phelim replied—

“And was'nt it I, your honour, that tould Hargreaves to pack up in your kit your last new shuit? I knew purty well that you'd remain for dinner; and as the Squire has one

or two frinds, I considhered you could'nt conthrive to appear in your morning dress."

This explanation annoyed me more than I could express; it was a deed worthy of Charley Coolhurst in his coolest days; to bring a dinner dress on returning the first formal visit, was a species of assurance that I could not get over.

"I will not remain," I exclaimed, with virtuous indignation, "to be looked upon as a sponge. But lead me to Mr. O'Crohon's room."

"Ogh hone!"\* replied O'Shea, in a beseeching tone. "Don't be after showing me up, your honour. Ah! now, why can't you be aisy? you'll be niver the worse thought of, your honour."

I was peremptory; and following my guide, I reached my host's apartment. Here I told the case as it had occurred, with all the eloquence of truth, and was not a little astounded

\* Alas! woe is me!

when O'Crohon burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

“So, Phelim has taken all the mirit to himself? ogh, the spalpeen! I myself wrote a bit of a note, ordhering your servant to send your clothes; bekase I know that some of you fine gintlemen won't remain without your best uniforms. But it is time to finish your toilet; for Dick Rathkeale has arived, and he vows vengeance, Galway fashion, against those who keep him waiting; so lose no time, my boy, dinner will be on the table in less than ten minutes.”

As my conscience was now clear, I returned to my room, and before the second gong had struck I made my appearance in the music-gallery, and was introduced to half-a-dozen as fine fellows as ever “stepped in shoe-leather,” at least, so my Amphytryon described them.

“Pray give Mrs. O'Crohon your arm,” exclaimed the husband, as Larry Kinnegan, the

footman, announced that dinner was on the table.

I obeyed the order, at the same time casting a lingering look to see who was the happy man that was to take my charmer to the social board. Fortunately for my peace of mind, the selection fell on an elderly gentleman, who, in the best-bred manner imaginable, placed her next to me—remarking that, although the privilege of age gave him the precedence over the other guests, he would not be selfish enough to deprive her of the society of younger and more agreeable companions. It is true that upon the score of youth I had it hollow; not so upon the other point—for every remark that fell from Mr. Roscarbery, was full of sense, wit, and talent.

The dinner was a fair average specimen of Irish hospitality. There was a profusion of everything. Salmon and trout in perfection; joints of every description; poultry, including

some of the web-footed tribe from the moat ; jellies, and pastry.

Upon the old, and somewhat vulgar adage, that "you ought not to dine with a man and then baste him with his own spit," I shall confine myself to saying that at least the quantity, if not the quality, was unimpeachable.

No sooner was the cloth removed, than our host rose to propose the famous toast—"The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes."

Mirth, jest, anecdote, and repartee then went round, and the hours had flown so swiftly away, that I was not at all prepared for the departure of the ladies, which, as a matter of course, followed that demicough and grunt universally practised by every hostess when the time has arrived for the female covey to take wing.

"Larry," said O'Crohon, "clear the dessert away. Bring a plate of divilled biscuits, a



magnum of claret, and one of port, some whisky, and a jug of water screeching hot, for Counsellor O'Hea."

This order was promptly obeyed, and often renewed. For some time I had been fidgetting in my chair, stealthily looking at my watch, with the view of making my escape, when the turret clock struck eleven. Upon this, I rose to take my departure, pleading military duty, discipline, and the necessity of showing a good example in country quarters. The shout of good-humoured laughter that attended this remark, echoed throughout the hall.

"Sure, now, you're not coming quarthers over us," said one.

"I know something about them. Wasn't my great-grandfather drawn, aye, and quartered, too, at Londonderry, some hunder-and-fifty years ago, for his daring deeds in the glorious cause?"

"Is it discipline?" asked another.

"Fait, now, I preshume obedience to orders

is the very life and soul of the British army ; and our commanding-officer, O'Crohon, has not yet given us leave to fall out."

"Military duty?" chimed in another. "Lieutenant Courtenay is not satisfied with the number of *French* men he has killed," pointing to the empty claret jugs. "What say say you to another volley of *grape*?"

"By all means," responded the host; "a bottle of claret for the gallant officer."

"You had better be aisy," said my neighbour, a rising young barrister; "wid or widout your laave, you're in for a wet night; make the best of it."

Anxious, at least, to say farewell to that syren, whose melodious notes reached my ear whenever the door was opened, or silence was proclaimed for a toast or song, I requested permission to absent myself for a few moments, under the plea of giving further orders about my car, faithfully pledging my word to return.

The question was put to the vote, and car-

ried unanimously. So, retiring from the scene of revelry, I crossed the hall, and was about to enter the drawing-room, when a light in the gallery attracted my attention ; I looked, and caught a glimpse of the two sisters, their arms entwined round each other's waists.

A merry remark from the elder, upon the want of gallantry of the party, in deserting the more feeble sex, and a more sentimental one from the younger, upon the beauty of the night, was all I could hope to receive at this late hour. Somewhat elated at the thought that Kate's smile was more expressive than it had been before dinner—alas ! what vain mortals we men are !—I returned to the dining-room in great glee, and was welcomed with cheers.

“ One more magnum,” exclaimed the host, “ to dhrink the health of the Earl of Courtenay ! ”

“ Up standing, with the honours,” added a second. “ May his shadow never be smaller ! ”

said a third. "Lord Courtenay! Lord Courtenay!" shouted half-a-dozen voices.

As a matter of course, I was called upon my legs to return thanks, and acquitted myself tolerably well in what is usually called a 'neat and appropriate' speech. In conclusion, I proposed the health of our host, which was drunk with enthusiasm, nine times nine, and one cheer more; and I then again ventured to tell Larry to have the car brought to the door.

"Tell Phelim to harness 'Potsheen,' and bring him round," said O'Crohon. "He's a wonderful baste; and was as good a hunter once as any in the county Leinster."

"Was?—is! you mane," responded Jack Lisburn, the young barrister, to whom I have before alluded. "I'll bet anybody a hogs-head of claret, that I ride him in and out over the dining-room table, if you'll divide it sufficiently in the centre."

"Done! done!" cried sundry voices. "I'll go your halves!" shouted one.

“Order ! order !” said the president. “Here’s pen, ink, and paper ; draw up the original match, and then—when once signed and sealed—make your bets.”

This mandate was promptly attended to, the tables were cleared, and placed across the room, and the jockey proceeded to bring forth his hunter : in a few moments, the clattering of the horse’s feet announced his arrival ; and, the doors being thrown open, ‘Potsheen’ and his rider came in, accompanied by an attendant squire, O’Shea himself.

“I should like to stand a trifle on the ould horse,” said Phelim.

“So you shall, my boy,” exclaimed all those who had backed the horse to perform the feat.

Lisburn had decked himself out in sporting gear ; he had borrowed his host’s red hunting coat, to “desave the animal” into an idea that he was about to follow the chase. He had pulled on an old pair of top-boots belonging



to one of the guests who had dressed at the castle ; he had got the loan of Phelim O'Shea's 'pershuaders' and whip, which, with a black silk handkerchief tied round his head, completed his costume. Two umpires, of whom I was one, and a referee, in case of dispute, were selected to see that the wager was done in a sportsman-like manner.

Silence was now proclaimed within this newly arranged Hippodrome, and the spectators awaited anxiously the result of the undertaking. In a second, a noise was heard which could alone be compared to an Easter Monday Epping hunt ; there might be heard the voices of Jack Lisburn, Larry Kinnegan, Phelim O'Shea, Mrs. Dunshaughlin, Molly Collooney, the maid of all-work, and some half dozen gossoons of the village, shouting, halloing, screaming, and tally-hoing. This was to keep up the deception, which was greatly increased by the barking and yelling of sundry turnspits and curs got together for the occasion.

“Whenever you are ready,” exclaimed my colleague, “we are.”

And before a reply could be given, the rider, turning his horse short round, gained the extremity of the room. Another sudden wheel, a trot, a slight pressure of the calves of the legs, a gentle movement of the hands, and the gallant animal rose at the first barrier, cleared it, and collecting himself, took the second one without even touching it with his hind-legs-

“Bravo ! bravo !” shouted both winners and losers ; the latter carried away by enthusiasm at the workman-like manner in which Lisburn had accomplished his task.

“Din’t I tell your honour,” said Phelim, “what a divil he was at timber? and as for spade, sure enough didn’t he hide himself away from the whole field, on the Curragh.

“And now, Squire, what say you to a taste of the dew,” asked the counsellor, “there’s nothing like the groceries.”

“What, no more claret, my boys?” responded the host; “fait, there’s not a headache in a hogshead of it.”

“Punch ! punch !” shouted the company, as Larry, who had overheard the conversation, entered the room, and placed upon the table an immense china bowl, a kettle of boiling water, some lemons and sugar, and a large wooden measure, hooped with brass, called a “methers,” and filled with “poteen.”

A bumper toast to the victor and the vanquished, wound up the nocturnal orgies—but not before the Squire had ordered a “cold bone,” *Hibernicé*, an unpremeditated supper, and a supply of that indigenous fluid which is the never-failing resource of a true-bred Irishman ; and the sun was just beginning to shine forth, before I entered the car to return to my quarters.

During my drive home, Phelim, who I soon ascertained was a lover of Molly Colloony’s, gave me a great insight into the family affairs

of the O'Crohons. The daughters were co-heiresses—"raal gems"—Mahala was to be the portion of the elder, while the younger one was to inherit Castle Clounish, near Carrickmacross, in the county of Monaghan. My guide then proceeded to say that both young ladies had been "struck of a heap" by my manners and looks, which were so unlike the general class of "furriners;" and with a most copious dose of "blarney," soon convinced me that I was likely to become a prodigious favourite with my new acquaintances.

As I was the only officer with the detachment, I had no difficulty whatever in passing the greatest portion of my time at Mahala, and I soon became nearly domiciled there.

Having wounded my adversary, Cludde, in a duel, having "held my own" at a pigeon match, distinguished myself with the rifle, carried off a prize at the shooting gallery, and being able to imbibe a sufficient quantity of liquor, I became, as such qualifications entitled

me to become, quite the “pet of the Paddies;” and my vanity led me to suppose that I had not made an unfavourable impression upon the beautiful Kate, who now listened to me with the most marked attention.

It did not take a very long time to discover that my charmer was romantic and enthusiastic to the greatest degree; and a hint from Phelim, that the ‘young cratur’ could not get works enough from the provincial library, or neighbouring book club, to satisfy her craving for the wild and fanciful literature of the day, caused me immediately to subscribe to Cawthorn’s—at that time the best furnished circulating library in London—and from whom I weekly received twenty volumes of the most modern productions.

The whole of my leisure time was now devoted to reading; I refreshed my memory with the history of Ireland; I studied legends of the Emerald Isle; I pored over the wild, supernatural stories of the Germans; I revelled in



the Quixotic deeds of the Spaniard; I indulged in the ancient lore of the Moorish race; I perused the works of our immortal poet; I applied myself to a knowledge of the greatest characters of modern and past times; and many an hour did I pass with the beautiful Kate, conversing with her upon the deeds of the ancient Crusaders, the exploits of a Joan of Arc, the achievements of some mailed warrior, the daring courage of the Spanish maid, the actions of our gallant soldiers and sailors.

Pic-nics, archery meetings, boating, and fishing excursions, with occasional 'shopping' visits to Kilkenny, made the hours fly like minutes; and after a few months' residence at Mahala, can it be wondered that I was desperately in love with the daughter of that house?

Delightful as it is to retrace every trivial incident connected with those we adore, it would be a breach of good faith to the reader,

were I to indulge in such a theme, for I have already promised that this is no tale of the heart.

My greatest perplexity was, that the report of my marriage with Kate O'Crohon had been spread throughout the county; and I was universally treated as her affianced lover. No one ever thought of offering his arm to take her into dinner; and at my approach, morning, noon, or evening, the place next to her was vacated in my favour. My friends, too, began to rally me on the affair, and one elderly lady went far enough to congratulate me on the approaching nuptials.

Up to this hour Mr. and Mrs. O'Crohon had kept up the most reserved silence upon this subject, for upon all others they were as open as day; but I dreaded every moment that an *eclaircissement* would take place before I had consulted my parents upon so important a step.

In the state of feeling I was in, buoyant

with youth and hope, I never paused to consider the possibility of entering the married state with my limited means ; it is true, I had heard of the fortune Kate was likely to possess, but that weighed little in the balance : I loved her for herself, with all the romantic passion of a youth of two-and-twenty.

Kate, too, had often talked in the most disinterested manner about wealth, declaring that she would prefer beggary with the man of her heart, to affluence with one uncongenial to her.

In short, the old story of love in a cottage, which has completely blinded all cupid-struck heroes and heroines, entirely took away all powers of vision. After a great deal of deliberation, I determined to write to my father and mother upon the subject, and to postpone the important question until I received their answer.

## CHAPTER XI.

‘ Antes que cases vea, loque haces.’

SPANISH PROVERB.

‘ Before that you marry, a thoughtful year tarry.’

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NOTHING could exceed the feverish state of suspense and anxiety I was in after I had despatched my letters to my father and mother, asking their consent to an union upon which rested my happiness.

My highly-wrought imagination had led me to describe Kate O’Crohon as an angelic creature ; as one who possessed every virtue under the sun ; and whose sole object was to render

the object of her choice superlatively happy. Noble qualities, disinterested affection, unsophisticated manners, a charitable nature, guileless feelings, a faultless disposition, were the themes upon which I worked ; and I wound up with the assurance that my temporal welfare, nay, my life itself, depended upon the fiat of my hitherto kind and indulgent parents.

During this awful suspense, every hour increased my adoration for the lovely girl. The animated smile that welcomed me on my arrival, the depressed look that attended my departure, went to my heart's inmost core ; and the delicacy which prompted my charmer to avoid all allusion to that which had now become the talk of the county, was not lost upon me.

As the almost magic power of steam was not at the time I write of, even in prospective existence, it required at least six days before an answer could reach me from Warwickshire. At length the eventful morning arrived, when two



letters, both franked by my father, were placed in my hands. For a few seconds I could not muster up sufficient courage to break the seals, and nothing but the well-known voice of Phelim O'Shea, telling me the jaunting-car was at the door, urged me to rush into my fate.

I thought of Kate, of my beloved Kate ; of the happiness with which I should meet her, if I gained my parents' consent. Alas ! the first lines that caught my attention dashed the cup of bliss from my lips.

My mother, in the most affectionate manner, urged me to consider the ruin that would inevitably befall me, if, at so early an age, and with little but my profession to depend upon, I entered into the marriage state.

My father, equally kind, but with a greater degree of firmness, told me candidly he would never give his sanction to so rash a step. He reminded me I was a soldier of fortune, and pointed out not only the folly, but want

of principle, in marrying without the means of providing for a wife.

No allusion was made, in either letter, to the object of my choice ; my father merely adding, as a postscript, that, “under other circumstances, he would beg to be recalled to the remembrance of his old acquaintance, Patrick O’Crohon.”

Under this distressing event, I was at a loss how to act ; fifty wild schemes flashed across my maddened brain. My first impulse was to obtain leave of absence, and throw myself at my parent’s feet ; but what stronger appeal could I make than the one I had previously addressed them ?

My next thought was to see Kate, and urge her to await a more favourable issue ; but what right had I to trifle with her feelings, after making her the talk of the county ? Left without a friend to counsel me, I was on the brink of despair, when a mounted orderly approached my quarters.

“A despatch for Lieutenant Courtenay,” said the dragoon, “from Colonel Douglas.”

“The Lieutenant *is* at home,” replied my orderly corporal, proud to show the cavalry soldier how the duty was carried on in the gallant ——th.

The official document ran as follows :—

‘Head Quarters, Kilkenny, Sept. 14th, 18—.

‘REGIMENTAL ORDER :—

‘Lieutenant Courtenay will hold himself in readiness to conduct Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas through his cantonments, on an inspection of the detachment under Lieutenant Courtenay’s command. The men to appear in marching order.

(Signed),

‘ARTHUR HENEAGE,

‘Lieutenant and Adjutant.’

This duty put an end to the projected visit to Mahala, and I forwarded a note by Phelim O’Shea, apologizing for my unavoidable absence.

The remainder of the day was passed in brushing up my knowledge respecting the men under my command, and parading up and down before the inn door, waiting the arrival of my commanding officer.

Evening had set in, and Colonel Douglass had not appeared, when, about ten o'clock at night, a chaise-and-pair drove up to the door ; so unusual an occurrence attracted my attention, and, before I had time to ascertain who the new comer was, the door of my room was thrown open, and Colonel Warburton, who my readers may remember at The Willows, was announced.

After a most friendly greeting, the veteran informed me that my mother's health had been for some time in a delicate state ; and concluded by saying that business had brought him to Ireland, and that he had my father's permission—if leave of absence could be obtained—to take me back with him to Courtenay Manor.

“The Earl has written to the authorities at the Horse Guards for a month’s leave,” continued the old soldier, “and to-morrow I expect to hear from his Lordship upon the subject.”

The chaotic confusion of my mind can be better understood than described; and to make matters worse, my faithful messenger, Phelim, had returned to say that Miss Kate O’Crohon had been suffering from a slight indisposition during the morning, and that, when he left, the medical man had been sent for from Kilkenny, as she was considerably worse.

To leave my quarters was impossible, so I exerted all my fortitude to wait patiently for the morning, when I trusted that Colonel Douglas would make his inspection, and release me from my present confinement to military duty.

After a restless feverish night, I awoke to a sense of all my miseries; and if there



is a moment more wretched than another, it is that, when one first becomes conscious of the weight of grief with which the eyelids were closed, and which now comes back to the senses in all its force and power,

The usual hour for morning parade was nine o'clock, and with the preciseness of a soldier, five minutes before that time, Colonel Warburton was waiting for me, anxious to see even a detachment of a regiment with which in former days he had served.

As we proceeded to a small green, the scene of our evolutions, the trampling of horses was heard behind us, and, upon turning round, I recognized the Colonel and the Adjutant. The latter cantered forward, saying :—

“The Colonel is coming up, Sir.”

Upon hearing this I immediately gave the word to ‘fall in,’ which was promptly obeyed; the ranks were then opened, and the general salute given. After inspecting the ranks,

Colonel Douglas inquired whether any non-commissioned officer or soldier had any complaint to make. No reply being given, he ordered me to drill the detachment by manœuvres, and to put them through the manual and platoon exercise. After inspecting the men's quarters, the Colonel addressed me in most flattering terms upon the general appearance of the detachment, and informed me that, in consequence of the illness of my mother, a month's leave of absence had been granted me.

“You will be relieved to-morrow morning by Lieutenant Cowper,” said the Adjutant; “and proceed immediately to England. In the mean time, the Colonel wishes you to remain within the cantonments, as your services may be required.”

This, I afterwards found to be a ruse, to keep me from my charmer.

It was now arranged that we should post to Dublin, cross to Holyhead, and then pro-

ceed by mail to Birmingham and Coventry, where the carriage was to be in waiting, to take us home, Colonel Warburton having accepted an invitation to pass a week at Courtenay Manor.

To leave my quarters was impossible, so I consoled myself by writing a letter to Mrs. O'Crohon, full of fervour and affection for her daughter, telling her of my mother's illness, and of my unexpected call to England for a brief period. I spare my reader this effusion. Having sealed the precious document with a somewhat hacknied though appropriate motto, I entrusted my faithful emissary, Phelim, with the letter, and devoted the rest of the day to lionizing my friend over the beauties of the neighbourhood.

No sooner had the hospitable owner of Woodstock been made acquainted with the fact, that so distinguished an officer as Colonel Warburton was in the neighbourhood, than he immediately forwarded us an invitation to

dinner. This we gladly accepted ; for although I did not feel myself up to any society, I was happy to have my thoughts in some measure diverted from the gloomy channel in which they were fixed.

I pass over the evening, which, under any other circumstance, would have been truly delightful : for how could it be otherwise, when we had an unaffected amiable hostess, a warm-hearted liberal host, some neighbours and friends who charmed us with their conversational and musical powers, rendering it a ‘feast of reason,’ without the ‘flow of bowl.”

Upon the following morning, at nine o’clock, I was relieved by a brother officer, and, within half-an-hour of that time, Colonel Warburton and myself were seated in a rather rickety post-chaise, on our way to Woodenbridge, where we were to remain that night.

As my companion was anxious to visit a relation, who lived near the vale of Avoca, it

was settled that we should take this *détour*, which would enable him to fulfil a long-promised engagement, and furnish me with an opportunity of seeing that spot which had been enshrined in my memory by the admirable manner in which Kate had warbled forth Moore's beautiful ballad—'The meeting of the waters.'

The excitement of travelling, especially over Irish roads, where numerous incidents, such as breaking the pole, starting a spoke, snapping a spring, losing a trace, were constantly happening, prevented me from brooding over those griefs which now weighed down my spirit. My companion, too, with admirable tact, did his best to divert my thoughts, by referring to incidents connected with my early days, and bringing back to my memory those happy hours of youth, when all was buoyancy, sunshine, and joy.

It was about the middle of September, when the weather was bright and bracing,



that we commenced our journey ; and before the sun had set, we reached the small inn near the celebrated vale of Avoca. It was one of those evenings which, from their clear delicious freshness, give buoyancy to the step, strength and elasticity to the spirit.

No sooner, then, had I descended from the rattling vehicle, and taken leave of my fellow-traveller, than I strolled to the ‘meeting of the waters.’

Colonel Warburton, whose relation lived a few miles from the valley, and at whose house he was to remain that night, had made an arrangement with me to call for him soon after breakfast the following morning, to proceed on our journey to Dublin.

Left to myself, my entire thoughts reverted to my absent one. I recalled the memory of those fairy dreams in which we had indulged ; how often had we talked over the county of Wicklow and its beauties ; the bright peaceful waters, the wild legend of St. Kevin, and

Kathleen's grave at Glendalough, the romantic seven churches; and now, by an unaccountable fate, was I on the very spot, alone and desolate.

The trees, shrubs, and flowers were blooming with freshness; nature wore its brightest aspect; the branches of the overspreading coppice were animated by a thousand thousand warbling birds, sending forth their notes of joy.

Ill did those gladsome carols accord with my sad and dreary thoughts. Proceeding through a mazy path, over a level sward of green—real Irish emerald green—I reached a spot that commanded a view of the meeting of the waters. Nothing could exceed the picturesque beauty of the scenery; and, lost in admiration, I could not refrain from exclaiming—

‘First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.’

While gazing on the pure crystal element,

an incident occurred, which, comparatively trifling in itself, produced a most powerful effect upon my feelings. The sound of a harp attracted my attention; and, upon looking round, I saw a group, consisting of two lovely girls and a youth, reclining under the shade of a luxuriant oak: it was a picture worthy of Watteau. The elder of the females—and she could scarcely have attained her twentieth year—was employed in making a sketch of the romantic bridge, here thrown over the Avon and Avoca; while the younger held in her arms the national instrument of her country—now singing sweet snatches of some inspiring Irish song, now striking the chord of some well known, heart-stirring air.

The youth, who seemed riveted to the spot, was arranging a bouquet of simple wild flowers, in which, not the least conspicuous, was

‘ The chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin’s native shamrock.’

After a few moments' pause, the tones of "The minstrel boy"—Kate O'Crohon's favourite melody—filled the air. The effect was miraculous. How often had I brought tears into her dark lustrous eyes, by the recital of the anecdote upon which the song was founded.

In an engagement that took place at Goree, between the king's troops and the rebels, the latter were victorious. Among their prisoners was a stripling of twelve years of age, a drummer boy, named Hunter. The captors told him his life should be spared, and that he should still beat his drum for them upon their march; but the heroic child, filled with devotion to his monarch, exclaimed—"Never! the drum that has sounded in the king's service shall never be beaten for rebels;" then leaping upon it, destroyed its sound for ever.

The sequel was melancholy; the gallant little fellow was instantaneously put to death—a youthful martyr in the cause of loyalty.

To return to my own feelings. Every

thought was centred in my beloved one; the remembrance of her I had neglected took entire possession of my mind; I felt that Kate was to me—

‘Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.’

A shade of indescribable sadness came over my spirit, and in the over-powering excitement of the moment, I determined to sacrifice all other considerations for her love.

Hastily quitting the scene, I hurried back to the inn, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, commenced a dozen letters to the absent one. In vain did the landlord assure me that my dinner would be spoilt—in vain did the waiter try to lure me from my employment, by describing the culinary luxuries that awaited me—I was immoveable; and it was not until past nine o’clock that I had finished, signed, and sealed a penitential epistle to Kate O’Crohon, urging her to forgive my apparent



neglect, and to accept the hand of one whose heart had long been hers.

“You may serve dinner now,” I said to the waiter, who, under some pretence, had entered the room. “And pray where is the post-office?”

“Widow Malony, at the whiskey store, about fifty yards down the road, holds the letter-box your honour,” responded the man.

While this colloquy was going on, the landlady appeared, and seemed grateful to find that I was no longer going to delay the meal which had suffered so considerably from want of punctuality. In less than two minutes the platters smoked on the board.

A twelve hours' fast had made me, as the saying goes, “as hungry as a hawk;” and when the savoury odour of a real Irish stew reached my olfactory senses, I felt half famished, and set to work more like a starved cannibal, than one who a few hours before had not the slightest inclination for food.

A change had come over my spirit ; instead of being dull, distracted, and captious, I was cheerful, open-hearted, and good-humoured. Teddy O'Flanigan, the waiter, whose business it was to watch the humours of his guest, saw and wondered at the transformation.

No sooner had I finished my repast, than I ordered some whisky-punch, and had a light applied to the peat in the grate, lit my cigar, and was as thoroughly happy and comfortable as a light heart and good cheer could make me. And what had caused this sudden revolution of feeling? Conscience, the blushing, shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom, told me that I had done the best in my power to repair the cruel injury inflicted upon a young and innocent girl, of trifling with her affections, and leaving her to the sport and raillery of an ill-natured-world.

It is true, that to accomplish this end, I had been compelled to deviate from the path of filial duty ; but, blinded by passion, I, with

admirable sophistry, laid the "flattering unction to my soul," that my motives were pure, noble, and disinterested; and, like a mental Narcissus, I quite fell in love with my own self.

"Plase, your honour," said O'Flanigan, "the letter-box closes at ten, and it only wants five minutes of that hour; shall I be after posting your honour's letter?"

I thanked the attentive waiter for his forethought, but declined his offer, not wishing to trust the precious document out of my hands; so seizing my hat, and leaving the punch—which evaporated considerably during my absence—I ran off to the widow's store. The aperture was closed; I was therefore compelled to enter the shop to pay the usual fee, and so elated was I, that Misthress Malony, who had always an eye, or rather, two eyes to business, succeeded in extracting payment from me for a dozen bottles of the finest whisky. Requesting that my new purchase might

be carefully packed, I retraced my steps towards the unassuming *hôtellerie*, and great was my surprise, upon reaching the door, to find that a carriage had just drawn up to it.

“We’re quite full, my lady,” said the landlady, “with the exception of one small bed-room, and I could’nt think of showing any one of your ladyship’s consequence to it.”

“What is to be done?” responded a female voice. “My poor daughter is too ill to proceed further.”

“We have a gentleman of the army in the house, my lady,” replied the hostess, “who has a bed-room and parlour; if I could prevail upon him to give up his sitting-room, we might be able to make some arrangement.”

As my thoughts were wholly absorbed by another object, I paid little attention to the conversation that was being carried on; until Teddy O’Flanigan crossed over and informed me that a lady and her invalid daughter were on their way to Bray, for the benefit of sea

air, and hoped that I would kindly permit them to occupy my sitting-room.

To this I cheerfully assented, and was about to extend my walk until bed time, when I remembered that I had left my writing-case in the apartment; instead then, of fulfilling my intention of remaining out of doors, I merely continued my walk until my cigar was exhausted, and entering the house, went mechanically to the room I had occupied; upon opening the door, who can depict my surprise, when I saw in the persons of the supposed strangers, Mrs. O'Crohon and my beloved Kate.

The latter, who was bathed in tears, was attended by her faithful maid, Molly Collooney, anxiously applying lotions to her alabaster forehead.

“Mr. Courtenay!” exclaimed the mother, in a chilling tone of voice, so different from that in which she had been in the habit of addressing me. At the mention of my name,



her daughter seemed to recover almost supernatural strength ; for she sprang from her chair, and, giving me a withering look, left the room.

To throw myself at the feet of Mrs. O'Crohon, to unburthen my pent-up feelings, to plead for her daughter's forgiveness, was the work of an instant ; and, although she received my protestations with kindness, there was a dignified energy in her manner, which seemed to say, the time had passed for such an avowal.

After a brief interview, the suffering mother took her leave ; but not before I had extracted a promise from her to have a further conversation upon the subject. With this assurance we parted, and I was again left to 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.'

To leave affairs in the present unsatisfactory state was impossible ; the declaration I had made to the mother, the proposal I had addressed to the daughter, were in themselves

sufficiently strong to bind me as a man of honour, even if inclination had not gone (as it did in this instance) hand-in-hand with duty.

While considering what was the most advisable step to take at this stage of the business, a gentle tap was given to the door, and, upon answering it, Molly Collooney made her appearance. This kind-hearted, good-natured, and unsophisticated girl had heard a great deal about me and my love affair from her admirer, Phelim O'Shea, and a small trifle that I presented her with, caused the faithful waiting-maid to enter fully into the subject.

She talked of the darling young mistress, dwelt upon her virtues, described the state of mind my absence had brought about, and declared that Doctor Donevan had pronounced change of air and scene to be essentially necessary to restore the shattered nerves of the patient, suffering, as she did, more from mental than bodily ailment.

My main object was now to enlist the sympathies of this simple-minded Irish girl, and I therefore poured out my love for Kate in so tender a strain, pleaded with such fervid eloquence and intense passion, that I soon gained over this most powerful ally. To reward Molly Collooney for her valuable assistance, I promised that, the moment my nuptials were solemnized, O'Shea should be placed in a position to offer his hand to his sweetheart.

Charmed with the prospect of a double marriage, the rustic abigail placed her talents at my disposal ; and, in the excited state of mind I was in, burning with devotion, and blinded by Cupid's dart, can it be wondered that, before midnight, a chaise-and-four drew up at the garden gate, into which two females and one of the sterner sex entered ?

The postboys started off at a most awful pace, influenced by promises of large reward ; and, before many hours had elapsed, the carriage drove through Dublin towards the

Pigeon House, where a sailing packet was at her moorings, with the blue-peter at the mast-head. To transport the party and their travelling boxes on board, was the work of a few minutes, and, a favourable breeze springing up from the north-west, the 'Liffey'—for so the vessel was called—was steering for Liverpool.

Kate O'Crohon and her hand-maiden had retired to a small space, five feet by four—pompously called the ladies' cabin—while the subject of this memoir was pacing the deck, thinking of the dire consternation the elopement would create in the breast of Colonel Warburton, of the effect it would produce upon the O'Crohons, and of the feelings with which it would be received by his own father and mother.

I pass over the wretchedness of the passage, which occupied nearly eight-and-forty hours—the misery of landing during a drizzling rain at the port of destination—the annoyance of

the hasty journey to Gretna Green—the mockery of the usual solemn rites by an illiterate blacksmith—and bring my readers to the period when, after passing a fortnight of our honeymoon on a tour, during which time we had been married in church at Edinburgh, we reached London, where we were to receive answers to the numerous penitential letters we had despatched.

I had written to my parents to ask for their pardon; I had appealed to O’Crohon, to receive me as his son-in-law ; and I had penned a letter to my poor duped friend, Colonel Warburton, acquitting him of any neglect in his guardianship, and pointing out that, in love as well as in war, strategy was perfectly admissible.

Upon driving up to Nerot’s hotel, in Clifford-street, a packet of letters was placed in my hands, three franked by my father, and one bearing an Irish post-mark. Anxious to read the letter which Kate recognised as the one from her father, I broke the seal, and found



that it contained all that she or I could hope for—an affectionate greeting, and a thorough forgiveness.

Those from my parents were couched in a very different tone ; the language being most repugnant to my feelings—not alone in censuring me for my folly, but in commenting most severely on the conduct of the family who had, by the deepest machinations, consummate trickery, and artful deceit, inveigled an unsuspecting youth into what they termed a *mésalliance*.

Warburton's letter was characteristic of himself ; he lamented the rash step I had taken, which, he feared, would mar my future military prospects. He urged me to do all in my power to conciliate my justly-offended parents ; and, above all, to bear in mind that, as the tie I had formed was indissoluble, and that, as a certain degree of prejudice was ever attached to a runaway match, it was imperative upon both myself and my wife so to conduct ourselves as to

disarm all ill-natured remarks. A fervent prayer for my welfare concluded this friendly warning.

Among the epistolary documents, one from Phelim O'Shea to his now betrothed Molly Collooney was not the least important. It described, in a most graphic style, the Squire's anger at my abrupt departure, after the marked attention I had paid his daughter; and proceeded to say that the family "flutes" had been "claned up," and that the master only waited the return of his friend Counsellor Maghera, from the assizes, to convey me a challenge, founded on the national code of honour, an extract of which the worthy Phelim had prevailed upon the parish schoolmaster to copy for me, from the authorised document, then kept in every gentleman's pistol-case:—

THE PRACTICE OF DUELLING AND POINTS OF HONOUR  
PRESCRIBED FOR GENERAL ADOPTION THROUGHOUT  
IRELAND.

"RULE 10.—Any insult to a lady under a

gentleman's care or protection to be considered as, by one degree, a greater offence than if given to the gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly.

“RULE 13.—No dumb shooting or firing in the air admissible *in any case*. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence; and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground: therefore *children's play* must be dishonourable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

“RULE 24.—In gross cases, the second hands his principal two pistols, holding another case ready charged in reserve.

‘ADDITIONAL GALWAY ARTICLE.

“If no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure (pleasure! save the mark!), even to touch muzzle.”

The worthy dominie, having been made acquainted with the cause of the quarrel, had

transcribed the articles of the *lex pugnandi* applicable to the case.

O'Shea proceeded to say, that in the mean time, O'Crohon was practising daily at a target, and talking freely of adding another 'notch' to the 'bull-dogs;' as he was determined to 'parade' me, and have the difference settled with twelve inches of barrel—three shots a-piece, if necessary—ten paces of earth—and at last teach me better manners, by maiming me for life."

With so agreeable an alternative as this before me, can it surprise the reader that I congratulated myself doubly on the step I had taken? and fully agreed with the wisest of all monarchs, that "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

During the transport of love all was *couleur de rose*; for it was quite impossible for me to look at anything except in the brightest colours. Had I been more observant, or had I divested myself of a false glare, I might have

noticed that occasionally Kate looked dull and distracted—that a tear sometimes started from her gazelle-looking eye—that a cloud now and then overshadowed her fair brow ; but which, like the fleecy vapour of a summer's day, soon vanished away.

The fact was, that to the highly-wrought imagination of the romantic girl, the elopement had been too tame. Had there been a disguise, a ladder of ropes, a lay figure left in the bed ; had her father joined in our “love chase,” pistol in hand ; had I shot the postilion's horse of the pursuing parent's carriage ; had we met with a piratical adventure at sea ; had we been shipwrecked on some bleak coast ; had Colonel Warburton raced us ‘neck and neck—my heroine would have been superlatively happy.

With the languishing Lydia of Sheridan, she inwardly sighed for a sentimental elopement ; a becoming disguise, an amiable ladder of ropes, conscious moon, four horses, Scotch parson ;



with such surprise to her “maternity,” and such paragraphs in the newspapers !

As it was, a cold, dull journey to Dublin, in a most unsentimental carriage—a hack chaise, with broken panes, bad springs, faulty doors, filled with straw and moth ; an uncomfortable passage, in which we were pent up in a small vessel for nearly two days ; a scampering drive to the border, with tired cattle and dissatisfied postboys—for a general election happened to be going on—constituted all the excitement we experienced.

It is true that, upon our arrival in London, the novelty of the scene produced a great effect upon Kate’s mind. We visited the sights by day, and the theatres by night ; still there was an absence of all spirit-stirring adventure ; and an almost imperceptible lassitude was the result.

My leave of absence had nearly expired, and I was shortly to proceed to Dublin, where my regiment had been removed ; and, how-

ever unfashionable it may be to allude to the state of my funds, when love ought to have engrossed every feeling, I am compelled to say, that I began to feel very uneasy when the hotel bill for one fortnight was laid upon the breakfast-table; which, including the hire of a carriage and horses, amounted to sixty-two guineas. This, in addition to my previous expenses, and the *trousseau* I had presented my wife, exceeded my annual income; and, for the first time in my life, I found myself nearly penniless.

Although my new father-in-law had expressed every kind wish towards his daughter and myself, he had never touched upon the monetary question; so that channel was closed against me, and I was too proud to appeal to my own parents for assistance.

This depressed me not a little, and gave my bride just cause to suspect that even her charms and fascinations were not sufficiently powerful to drive away those grovelling worldly

cares, which, despite of dreams of unalloyed happiness, are the lot of mortal man.

It was now necessary to make some exertion to raise the supplies, and free myself from the pecuniary difficulties which surrounded me; so, ordering the carriage, and for the first time leaving my wife at home, I drove to the army agents.

The head of this most respectable firm met me with cordiality, and, as my allowance was always paid into his hands, he consented to allow me to overdraw a quarter's income. This sum, however was not sufficient to meet my past and future expenses, and, having no friend at hand to assist or counsel me, I determined to fly to one of those money-lending fraternity, who advertise to advance sums upon personal security, and who so far were wont to act up to their professions, that, in the event of their debtors failing to pay, their persons were placed under the security of the keeper of the Fleet prison.

Knowing how anxious my wife would be at my long absence, I returned to the hotel to tell her that business called me into the city.

“Business! city!” she echoed.

“Yes, my love,” I responded, in rather a petulant tone. “The office will be closed if I delay any longer.”

Before reaching the door, I looked round, and saw Kate’s eyes diffused with tears.

“Pardon me, dearest,” I beseechingly said, as I approached the agitated partner of my vows. “I am to blame, I was hasty; pardon me, my beloved one.” A look of kindness, more expressive than language, told me I was forgiven.

“Cannot I go with you, Philip?” she faintly continued. “I would remain in the carriage, as I did yesterday, in Bond Street.”

“No, not to-day, precious. I will return as soon as possible. We can dine early and go to the play. Send for the bills, and see which you like best.”

With these soothing words I hurried into the carriage, and, ordering the coachman to drive to Gloucester place, gave vent to a train of meditations of anything but an agreeable nature. I had spoken sharply to her whom I had vowed to love and to cherish; I had failed in candour towards her to whom I had plighted my troth.

In vain did I attempt to satisfy myself with the thought that the knowledge of the state of my affairs would have grieved the gentle spirit of my wife. Conscience told me in reply, that no secret or concealment should be kept from the sharer of my joys and sorrows.

END OF VOL. II.









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